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WAYS TO FIND A HUSBAND

Girls, Beware of Meddling Families see page 26

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Coronet

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W Cover



Back-yard Pool



Collapsible Boat

Plastic Puddlers

THE THERMOMETER hovered between 95 and 100. Junior, hot and restless, tugged at his mother's hand.

"I'd like to go swimming, Mom."

"Certainly, son," said his resourceful mother. She took a small package from the hall closet and carried it to the yard. In a few minutes she had inflated a Vinylite wading pool with a tire pump and filled it with water from the garden hose. For the rest of the afternoon, Junior splashed happily and safely in his 72-inch pool.

Introduced a year ago in 40- and 54-inch models for children, the portable plastic pool has proved so popular that the larger size was put into produc-

tion for this summer.

Deep enough for a child to float in, as well as for wading, the back-yard pool is also a fine place for Dad to cool off after he has sweltered through a long, hot day at the office.

A SECOND INNOVATION that will make summer more comfortable is another facet of plastic magic. Constructed along the same lines as the back-yard pool is a plastic boat that can be used on camping trips, for hunting and fishing, aquaplaning, or for just a quiet row around the neighborhood lake.

Propelled by an ordinary paddle, the dinghy is available at a fraction of the cost of conventional wooden boats. It is inflated like a football or basketball and fits into a corner of the auto luggage compartment when deflated. The two sizes expand to 72 or 56 inches, from stem to stern.

Because the Vinylite material is resistant to oils, abrasion and temperature change, there is literally no maintenance cost for such things as painting or caulking. Here is one boat you can keep clean and seaworthy with plain soap and water.



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Music Makers from the Past

conquistadors, a thread of music winds through the history of the Yaqui Indians-the music of pipes, drums and

DESPITE A WARLIKE history which goes harps. From the banks of the Sonora in Mexico came tunes whose sentiments were much like today's. One of their old songs says: "Boys love to walk with the girls among the flowers."

Fin Yan

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Mr. Mrs. (Please Print Plainly) Miss

Address Zone No. State.... City (if any).

Drink or Swim

Science has calculated that the strength of 150 kittens is approximately equal to that of a single man. Cat lovers, however, are a bit skeptical. They feel that whoever evolved such a figure could never have undergone the experience of rearing a cat himself. In fact, they consider that even one kitten is more than a match for any man.

Besides such disconcerting habits as racing up a shoulder to disarrange your hair and then catapulting down the other shoulder, a cat is most likely to wear down your resistance with an eternal curiosity. This, at least, has never been miscalculated by science.

The cat's propensity for personal examination applies not only to new objects, but even to the most familiar things in the completely enticing world of a cat, where everything holds a

promise of happy adventure.

Led by a highly developed sense of smell, a cat will promptly check up on whatever it is that attracts his fancyand that could be anything. His eyes and side whiskers enable him to get where he wants to go without undue destruction to flowerpots and antique vases, but it is his nose that leads him

there in the first place.

Perhaps this explains the difficulty in which our little friend opposite found himself when his close-quarters investigation of a pail of milk involved him in a situation for which he had hardly bargained. Delighted with the discovery of a generous supply of the delicious white fluid, Jerry went directly to the source. Unfortunately, neither his eyes nor his reasoning power could warn him that there was enough milk in the pail to quench even the most rabid enthusiasm. For with cats, even as with you and me, there can be too much of a good thing.



1. Jerry mews with unbridled delight. Ouite by chance, he has discovered a feline gold mine-a full pail of milk.



4. But that hasty action is regretted almost immediately. He only wanted to drink some milk, not swim or bathe.



After a few tentative attempts to reach the milk from outside, he recognizes the futility of his position.



 But the odor tantalizes him, drawing him closer. For only a second Jerry deliberates. Then, in he plunges!



Wet and thoroughly miserable, Jerry wants only one thing now, and that's to get out as quickly as he can!



6. Unable to scramble up the slippery side, he emits a cry for help. "How did I get into this mess anyway?"



For Graceful Outdoor Living

GONE ARE THE DAYS of soggy picnic sandwiches, sun-scorched excursions, and outings enjoyed only by hordes of ants. Novel equipment now makes picnic lunches as complete and



comfortable as dinner in the family dining room.

Start with a picnic table that folds to the size of a suitcase—and costs no more—providing a broad, flat surface for serving. At the beach or lakeside, remove food and utensils which fit inside. The colorful polyethylene dishes are unbreakable and cost less than most conventional glassware.

When the outdoor air whets your appetite, an inexpensive collapsible grill with revolving spit makes fried chicken and charcoal-broiled steak a tangy treat.

By midafternoon, moments of quiet relaxation are to be savored. As a shield against too much sunburn, the modern picnicker who keeps up with the newest things merely fastens a light umbrella to his folding chair. When the sun moves westward, so, too, does the umbrella—with a twist of its ball socket.

A lawn coaster driven into the ground holds a cooling drink, and caps a gay but graceful day out-of-doors.





Jantzen's first popular suit appeared in 1920. Here is their "Can-Can" model.



This Gantner model is the final word in a design that originated in 1936.



Mabs, designer of the Lastex swim suit, is featuring Scotch plaid this season.



The strapless suit, a recent innovation, is a Cole of California favorite for 1949.

Design for Bathing

IT TOOK TEN YARDS of material to create a lady's bathing suit in 1905. Then Annette Kellerman achieved fame as a swimmer, and when she discarded yards of ruffles for athletic reasons, she set the pattern for today. Heavy corsets and black stockings are gone now, re-

placed by suits which feature comfort, style and sun exposure.

Today's suits consist of about a yard of fabric, but they are chic and eyecatching. As proof, four leading U. S. designers have selected their favorite models for the 1949 season.



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Big-Toppers

THE AMERICAN CIRCUS had come to London. Under the Big Top, tight-rope artists defied death on the high wire while talented horses and elephants pranced and paraded on the sawdust far below. Thousands of spectators twisted in their seats, eagerly straining to see every single act of "The Greatest Show on Earth." But in a box near the arena, cigar clenched firmly between his teeth, a world-famous figure kept his eyes riveted on the antics of a clown—Emmett Kelly had captivated the future Prime Minister of Great Britain, Winston Churchill.

It had taken Kelly a great many years to reach the point where he could entrance a world statesman, for clowns are made, not born. Kelly was originally a cartoonist who was able to switch his caricatures from paper to the circus. Some other clowns who made good are a small boy's dream personified—they actually ran away with the circus train as youngsters.

However they come to the Big Top, clowns take their profession quite seriously. Their astounding costumes are the result of painstaking effort to create a memorable character—the ultimate secret of a successful clown. They usually spend from 15 minutes to half an hour putting on their fantastic make-up—a combination of olive oil and zinc oxide. Contrary to popular belief, however, this strange mixture can be taken off in two minutes flat.

Clowns feel that the many offstage hours which they spend thinking up new costumes and comic acts are richly rewarding. Constantly experimenting, they watch the faces and listen for the applause of the crowd, making a first-hand analysis of audience reaction at each performance. For, to a man, they are agreed that circus audiences are the world's most appreciative.



 Emmett Kelly's famous clown, achieved with putty, charcoal and rags, was originally a cartoon idea. Once a circus chalk-talker and trapeze artist, Kelly has been a Barnum and Bailey mainstay since 1941.





 Lou Jacobs' bulbous nose lights up whenever he presses a button, to the screaming delight of the kids. Most circus clowns are old-timers. At 39, Jacobs has spent more than half his life under the Big Top.

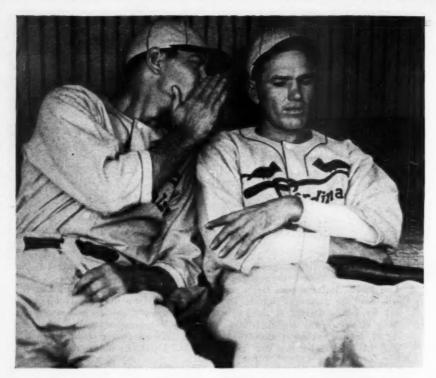


3. In three years, Cliff Chapman has won acclaim by cleverly burlesquing a stuffy, overdressed gentleman. The comparative youth of Chapman is unusual among clowns. Few win his popularity before the age of 30.



AUGUST, 1949





15 Years Ago: "Me and Paul"

Baseball's most remarkable brother act began when Dizzy Dean (right), was offered \$30 a week to pitch for a San Antonio team. This was a veritable fortune to the 19-year-old excotton picker, but he was no more awed by it than by the fearsome sluggers he had to face when signed by the St. Louis Cardinals. Modestly allowing that he was the greatest man in baseball, he promptly began proving it.

When the Cards finished poorly in 1933, Diz pointed out that his brother Paul pitched "even faster'n me." Thus the magic combination of "Me and Paul" was born, and the Gas House Gang of 1934 swept the National League.

One September day in Brooklyn, with the pennant riding on every pitch, Ol' Diz shut out the Dodgers with three hits in the first game of a doubleheader. Then, in the second game, Paul pitched a once-in-a-lifetime game -a no-hitter. "I wish that kid had told me," said Dizzy. "I wouldn't have given 'em none, either!"

CHEDITS

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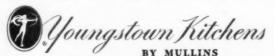
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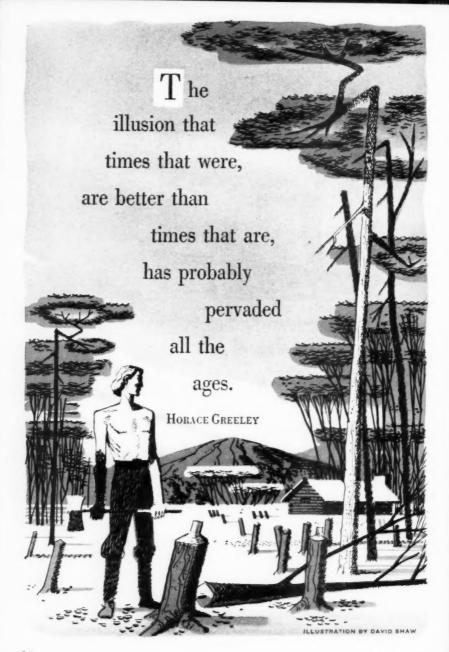
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Endless Variety in Articles and Pictures

A MAGIC PIANO FOR THE JUNGLE



As related by JAMES SAVAGE to ALFRED PROWITT

The passenger first came to our notice because of his wretched piano playing. He began his impromptu con-

cert after lunch, just a few hours out of New Orleans, as the S. S. Contessa knifed the river on its way to Honduras.

From the baby grand in the lounge, piece after piece bounced forth, with scarcely a breathing space between. La Paloma led off, next Throw Out the Lifeline, then Estrellita. This gave way to some gay numbers of Spanish rhythm, with Throw Out the Lifeline interposed at intervals. All the selections were massacred.

Nobody knew who he was then, that first afternoon, because nobody bothered to look into the lounge and find out. The other passengers were on deck to enjoy the sunshine. A

man smoking a cigar said to his companion, "Somebody's sure pounding that box in there"—and that's about the only spoken comment that was made.

The pianist was strictly an amateur. He was impressive only in the point of endurance. He went on and on, with a kind of intense determination that challenged harmonics and eternity.

Only in the evening, in the lounge after dinner, was his identity revealed. While the passengers were playing bridge, reading or just talking, the piano started up again. At the keyboard sat a Spaniard just above average in size and weight, in those indeterminate

vears of the thirties.

His fingers stumbled over the same chords of the afternoon. He hit the same wrong notes. If there had been any doubt, it would have been dispelled by his selections. They ran the same gamut, with Throw Out the Lifeline again in the ascendancy.

There was nothing especially notable about him except his nutbrown face, which was round with a sort of cherubic roundness. It seemed to glow with an inner satisfaction in the warmth of his

bright eyes.

A few passengers were irritated by the playing. One asked curtly, "Say, friend, do you have to beat that piano *all* the time?"

The player arose and bowed. "I am sorry, señor," he said softly. "I did not mean to offend. Please

accept my apologies."

He made another bow, then walked out. In the wake of his departure, the pianist was a subject for discussion.

"Why would a person want to play the piano all the time?" a woman asked. "It's not normal. If he was a genius, it would be different. But he's awful."

"Probably demented," a second woman said. "I hear the sun down

here can drive you mad."

I didn't see the lounge incident, but I heard all about it from the messboy who served the passengers that evening. Aboard the Contessa, I was a deck hand. For years I had had the urge to work on a boat, and I was finally carrying out my ambition during a leave from my

public-relations job in Chicago.

After that night, the pianist never ventured toward the keyboard when other passengers were in the lounge. He would wait, patiently, until he was alone, then he would pound out a selection or two in surreptitious fashion. If anyone entered, he stopped immediately.

The other passengers apparently thought he was queer and avoided him. At meals, he sat with a middle-aged Spanish couple and a boy. They seemed to be his only ac-

quaintances.

Our one port of call on the way to Honduras was Havana. The piano player declined the invitation of his friends to go ashore, saying he preferred to remain aboard. After the others had gone, he could be heard in the lounge. He played the piano all day, till the sight-seers returned.

Late that night, he entered the crew's quarters. From the messboy's description, I recognized him at once. He looked around searchingly, then spied Jesus Infante, a

mountainous Cuban sailor.

"Infante!" he cried. "I thought I saw you among the crew. I've

looked for you."

The two rushed into each other's arms amid a whirlwind of Spanish. When our visitor finally turned to leave, he came over to my bunk and asked:

"You are Señor Savage from Chicago, amigo? Infante told me so."

As I nodded, his smile broadened. "We have much in common, then. I too have been in Chicago. Please permit me to introduce myself."

He produced a calling card, which

he handed to me with a bow.

"Good night, amigo," he said and went out.

The crudely lettered card read: "Rev. Amado Espinal, Goascorán,

Valle, Honduras."

His name suddenly clicked in my memory. I had read about Espinal in a gossip column in the Chicago Daily News. The columnist's interest in his career had been aroused by an emotional letter from a reader, which said in part:

"I have been a patient at Wesley Memorial Hospital for several weeks and while here met the most completely unselfish person I have

ever seen—Amado Espinal, an orderly. I do not attend church and have no particular religion, but feel that this man is an outstanding example of true Christianity. In a world of greed and grab, it is indeed refreshing to meet a person so com-

pletely dedicated to the service of his fellow men . . . G. W. Hurd,

Room 754."

From my memory of the newspaper facts, along with information I was able to extract from Espinal in our chats that followed, I was

able to get his life story.

He had been born to a Spanish family in Goascorán, a destitute settlement of 600 persons on the edge of the jungle in southern Honduras. Their only livelihood was the pay they got for gathering bananas. Young Amado had no zest for life. Then came a white woman-missionary, Miss Anna Stahr.

Anna had been born in Denmark in 1889. When she was a child, her father died. Her mother brought her to Chicago, where she eventually became a worker in the

Western Electric Company plant.

Anna was devout. She attended a Bible school nightly and hoped that some day she might become a missionary. For some reason, her goal was Honduras. Perhaps she had read something about conditions in that country.

When her mother died in 1924, Anna Stahr signed up as a missionary and was assigned to Goascorán. There she encountered Amado Espinal, a lad of 12 years. The youngster haunted the missionary's shack, attracted at first by her gifts of a Bible and trinkets, then stirred

by her sympathy for the

helpless.

As Espinal reached maturity, the two discovered that they had another interest in each other. They married. In the union, Anna had to make a sacrifice. Under the rules of her mis-

sionary society, she was expelled for wedding a native. So the Espinals decided to carry on as independent

missionaries.

Anna had a little money that she had saved in her Chicago days. By spreading it thinly, she was able to go on buying the most urgently needed supplies for the village.

Tragedy struck in 1948. Espinal's wife became desperately ill and Honduras doctors diagnosed her case as cancer. With the last of her savings, the couple came to Chicago for expert medical care. To help defray expenses, Espinal became an orderly in Wesley Hospital. In his off hours, he sat at his wife's bedside, holding her hand. But the case was hopeless. Anna died.

Espinal stayed on as an orderly. His cheerful kindness impressed

several patients. More than one said, "Espinal, you haven't had a real chance in life. With schooling, you would go far. What do you want . . . medicine . . . dentistry . . . a theological career? Let me see what I can do for you."

To all, Espinal replied, "Many thanks, *amigo*, but I can do none of those things. I must go back to Goascorán to help my people."

He studied all that he could about American methods of medicine, sanitation, dentistry, education. Out of his savings he bought supplies, mostly medical goods, to take back with him. One of his major purchases was a pair of dental forceps. Tooth-pulling in Goascorán had been done by the village blacksmith with his tongs.

This drab picture of Goascorán was confirmed by Infante to me in our conversations. "It's one of the worst places in the world," he said, shaking his large head. "No streets, no lights, no sewers, no doctor, no dentist, no school . . . no anything. Ah, it is a terrible place!"

Incredulous, I asked: "And Espinal chooses to go back to that?"

Infante replied loyally: "Espinal knows what he wants."

In the days that followed, Espinal spent much time with us sailors. A friendly man, he craved companionship and obviously had been brushed off by the other passengers. He was accepted by the crewmen as a comrade, not only because of his amiability but because he never used his popularity as a pulpit for preaching. He never lectured about morals. He never tried to convert anyone to anything.

Meanwhile, the Contessa plowed

steadily through the placid Caribbean. We sighted our port of La Ceiba on a morning. At first, we saw only blue-bright mountains. Then, as we came nearer, the town emerged from the hills. It was a dreary expanse of thatched shacks, many of adobe, and sheet-metal sheds. Here and there were a few government buildings of stone.

From the town a wooden trestle carrying a railroad track ran out into shallow water for transportation of humans and cargo between ship and shore. The trestle was lined with people, their faces ranging in browns from Indian to Spaniard. They were indiscriminate except for one small group, mostly women and children. From their throats suddenly came shouts:

"Bien venido, Padre!"

Espinal, at the rail, singled them out with moist eyes. "My own people!" he said happily. Then, sighing: "But they should not have come this far to meet me. It's a hard journey through the mountains to Goascorán."

The steamer moored to the trestle and the passengers disembarked. Espinal was engulfed in embraces and shouting. With his entourage, he was almost a parade. Then the Contessa's creaking booms began to swing cargo to the freight cars.

In town, Espinal's supplies were piled up for the last leg of his journey. There were many bundles of medical equipment, but against the rugged background of Honduras they seemed pitifully inadequate.

In the midst of his stores, Espinal raced around a large crate lettered boldly in his name. Through the gaps of the slats, a battered upright piano was visible. Espinal anxiously

peered into the crate to be sure of the instrument's safety.

The passenger who had rebuked Espinal that first night hovered near-by. He had acted ever since as if he had something on his conscience. Now something softened his expression. To Espinal he said, "I'm glad that you have a piano."

"I got it in New Orleans," Espinal replied. "Just before sailing. It cost \$50. It was very much money. But my wife . . . she always wanted the village to have one. There has never been a piano there. She said it would make the people

much happier.

"Before my wife died, she did not exact the promise that I return to Goascorán. You see, she knew that I would do that. But she did beg me to take back a piano. I did not know how to play one. I had to start learning in Chicago. That, amigo, is why I tortured you on ship, playing so much.

"I am sorry. I was practicing, you understand, so I can play for my people back in Goascorán."

The other man averted his eyes. "Espinal, I'm no millionaire, but I'll see that you get a ton of music."

Espinal bowed. "Thank you, amigo. But just one sheet of music will be appreciated by the people of Goascorán."

Espinal and his townspeople loaded his precious cargo onto bull carts for the long journey ahead. Espinal himself drove the cart that carried his piano. He looked back at us and shouted, "Adios, amigos, God bless you!" Then the wheels began to move toward the peaks and the steaming jungle beyond.

Most of us were going back to civilization—to elevator apartments, to rich foods, to smooth boulevards, to expensive clothing, to medical specialists—to all the sureties of a sybaritic life. Espinal was returning to mud-baked hovels, squalor, misery, sickness and death. But in the eyes of all of us who saw him go there was no pity. There was, rather, an envy of the honest passion of his life.

Espinal and his carts finally passed from our sight. But long afterward, we could hear in the distance the chords from his cheap little piano. It was all imagination, of course, but the music was grand

and glorious.

The Mark of Learning

 $T_{\mbox{\scriptsize applicant}}$ to identify himself.

"It's me," a voice replied, and St. Peter bade him come in. Another knock. Another question, "Who's there?"

Another answer, "It's me!"

Then another sharp rap. "Who's there?" asked St. Peter.

"It is I!" a voice replied.

"Here comes another one of those darned school teachers!" grumbled St. Peter.

--Wall St. Journal

Help for Husband Hunters



by ROBERT STEIN

Here are some tips for the marriageable girl - and her meddlesome relatives!

EVERYONE READING this article must know at least one young woman who is trying to find a husband. She may be a daughter, a niece, a sister, a cousin, a close friend or simply that "poor Smith girl" next door.

Although she is attractive, intelligent and charming enough to make a good wife for any man, she somehow seems destined never to marry. And you wonder what you can do to boost her chances for matrimony.

Before you make any moves, however, here is a solemn warning from marriage counselors, clergymen and psychologists: Tragedy may lurk in your best-intentioned efforts. Marital experts have found that thousands of eligible women are being held back from marriage by the blundering "help" of mothers, fathers, sis-

ters, brothers, aunts, uncles, friends and even casual acquaintances!

In the office of a St. Louis marriage consultant, a 33-year-old stenographer recently told a story of long-repressed resentment. "For the past 12 years," she said bitterly, "my mother and sisters have been carping at me to find a husband. But every time I bring a man to the house, they either swarm all over him and frighten him away, or find some fault with him. I've never been asked out by anyone more than twice in succession,"

In Baltimore, a minister heard a 28-year-old salesgirl sob out this pathetic story: "As soon as I passed my 20th birthday, my parents began giving me pointed hints about marriage. After a while, my aunts and some of my engaged friends

started chiming in, too. The result is that whenever I go out with a man, I feel tense and nervous. Lately, my dates have been farther and farther apart."

Are these isolated cases? The marriage experts answer: "No." Dr. Valeria Hopkins Parker, director of the Bureau of Marriage Counsel and Education in New York, sums

up the problem this way:

"There's no surer way of upsetting a young woman's hopes than by constant harping on the subject of marriage. Incessant talk about her failure to find a husband can make her so self-conscious that she is unable to make normal friendships which might eventually lead to marriage."

With the best intentions in the world, friends and relatives of America's 10,000,000 marriageable women are daily undermining their chances of getting a husband in one or more of the following ways:

1. They talk too much about marriage. Consider the experience of Alice F—, a 32-year-old school teacher. Alice was grading a stack of test papers in the living room while her mother entertained Mrs.

Wilson, an old friend.

"It would have done your heart good to see Martha and Jack," Mrs. Wilson was saying. "The way he rushed around helping her clean up the supper dishes, and how they looked at each other. I never . . ."

Mrs. F--- coughed and nodded

in Alice's direction.

"Well, of course," Mrs. Wilson stammered, "marriage isn't the right thing for every girl. Now, there's nothing like a good independent career to . . . ''

Suddenly, Alice ran from the

room. Outside, she choked back a flood of sobs.

Smarting under repeated hints that she is drifting toward spinsterhood, many a woman will make up her mind to snare the next man who shows any interest in her. In most cases, the intended victim soon realizes that he is being roped in—and bolts from the "bridal" path.

2. They give lessons on how to hunt a husband. For inspiration, they ply her with books, pamphlets and magazine articles describing various ways to trap a man. After wading through this mass of printed matter, she is likely to be more dis-

heartened than ever.

"A girl thinking of marriage," warns Dr. Rose G. Anderson, clinical director of The Psychological Corporation in New York, "can't avoid a barrage of coaching from parents, friends and other would-be experts. Some of this advice may be perfectly sound, but the average girl has no way of judging the good from the bad. As a result, she may become hopelessly confused by all the suggestions."

3. They never tire of arranging blind dates for her. Night after night, some friend or relative turns up with another man to "look her over." Most of these seedy prospects go trooping out of her life as fast as they come in, leaving her only with a deepen-

ing sense of frustration.

4. They close in on suitors too quickly. As soon as a man appears for a second successive date with a girl, her anxious family takes over.

"Sally's the best cook in the world," her sister remarks as she

takes the swain's hat.

While the young man perches uneasily on the sofa, Father bursts into the living room. "What a head that girl has on her shoulders!" he shouts, waving a sheaf of papers. "She's just solved a bookkeeping problem for me in ten minutes flat!"

By the time Mother ambles in to drop a thunderous hint about Sally's wonderful disposition, the young man is making a mental note never again to let himself be ambushed in this home.

I'v A RECENT STUDY, 68 per cent of single women questioned complained that their fathers try to take a hand in their plans for marriage -and more than 97 per cent bitterly reported that their mothers meddle. "Meddling" can mean anything from asking a suitor about his financial prospects to slamming a door in his face.

Multiply all this interference by the number of well-meaning friends and relatives who try to "help" each woman and you will have a fair idea of why the United States may be heading for a bumper crop of spinsters within the next few years.

But does this mean that friends and relatives must be completely indifferent to the trials of the unmarried woman? Not at all, say experts like Alice Barachs, counselor for the Family Service Association of America, which tackles 750,000 domestic problems a year. "You can assist her by taking a normal interest in the situation," counsels Mrs. Barachs. But she adds a grim warning: Don't get panicky about it.

How, then, can you extend a helping hand without muddling her marriage chances? The byword is "subtlety." For your guidance, the experts have formulated this sim-

ple, seven-point program:

1. Analyze her habits to find out what is holding her back. In the great majority of instances, young women are hindered by simple habits which keep them from meeting eligible men. They may (a) lack self-confidence; (b) prefer quiet amusements; (c) avoid crowds; (d) like to be alone; (e) stay in the background at social affairs. If these seem to be the major handicaps, you can aid the girl in various ways.

2. Help to improve her appearance and sociability. Many women fail to attract suitors because they either overdress or appear too drab, because they are too brittle in their manner or too shy, because they

talk too much or too little.

Local YWCAs and night schools throughout the country conduct excellent courses in charm and grooming. To maneuver her into one of these classes, sign up yourself and invite her to accompany you.

3. Tactfully arrange get-togethers where she will meet new men. In a study of 9,081 marriages, Dr. Paul Popenoe found that more couples first met at the homes of friends than in any other place with the exception of schools. Therefore, use every logical pretext for inviting groups of men and women of her own age. But don't let her feel that the gatherings are for her special benefit, or she will likely hide in a corner all evening.

4. Take her to lectures, hobby clubs, dances, conventions-wherever men are plentiful. She måy be too timid to go on her own, unless

you take the initiative.

Surveys show that most women if left to their own devices-spend their spare time reading, sewing or going to the movies. But few of them have ever found a husband while taking part in these lonely diversions.

Katharine Arluck, family caseworker for the Community Service Society, points out that "any young woman can benefit by developing healthy social interests and hobbies. In doing so, she may meet young men who have the same interests."

5. Show her off in the best possible light. If she is a graceful dancer, take her to dances where she will attract attention. If she is the studious type, encourage her to attend lectures and cultural meetings, where her intellect will be admired. Good cook? Then put her in charge of a barbecue supper where young men can smack their lips over her best recipes.

6. Once she has acquired a beau, step gracefully out of the picture. By trying to "promote" a romance, you may only spoil her chances. And don't become impatient about long engagements. Only one couple in five makes a good adjustment in marriage after a whirlwind courtship, according to Dean Paul H. Landis of Washington State Col-

lege. The longer a couple is engaged, the better chance they have for a happy life together.

7. Above all, don't make her feel that it is a case of now or never with any one suitor. If one romance fails to work out, help her laugh it off by starting this seven-point program all over again. Statistics show that she will do better next time.

One final note of caution. In trying to help a husband-hunter, never risk overplaying your hand. Experts agree that it is far better to do too little than too much.

Nevertheless, with patience and understanding you can play an important part in promoting a woman's stock on the matrimonial market. Keeping yourself carefully in the background, you can analyze her difficulties and subtly steer her toward a practical solution. You can bring her into constant contact with eligible men. You can tactfully arrange to show her off in the best possible light at all times,

And finally, you can make a graceful exit—leaving her and the man of her choice to find their own way to the altar.



The Real Test

 $T^{\rm HE}$ strong man in the circus side show had been flirting with the Circassian beauty, and his wife had caught him at it.

After she had pursued him into the animal tent and around among the elephants and camels, he made a dash for it, and succeeded in getting into the lions' cage, where he took refuge behind the largest, most ferocious beast in the herd.

"You coward!" shouted the exapperated woman. "I dare you to come out of there." —S. E. KISER

Live in Canada-and Live Longer



by ANNE FROMER

The Dominion's gigantic new Health Program makes expert care available to all

THE DOCTOR'S verdict was: polio. Philip Martin's shoulders slumped in dejection. On the bed lay his young son, Paul, face flushed with fever. Martin could not afford a specialist: as a French-Canadian laborer in Pembroke, Ontario, he earned barely enough to feed and clothe nine children. Nor were there free clinics (this was 40 years ago) to apply the scant knowledge that doctors then possessed about infantile paralysis.

Despite the lack of medical facilities, however, young Paul Martin recovered. He was lucky to escape with nothing more serious than a weakened left arm. But later, the memory of that illness was to impress upon him a grim fact: Canada

did not have an adequate medical program for low-income families. And he resolved that someday he would do something about it.

Today, stockily built and robust at 46, the Hon. Paul Martin is Minister of National Health and Welfare in Canada. His early resolution to do something about the Dominion's medical service has at last been realized in a \$160,000,000 five-year Federal Health Program which Paul Martin initiated and is now administering. Not long ago, he received this wire from the convention of the American Public Health Association:

"Hearty congratulations to the Government and the people of Canada for a step which makes this year memorable in the annals of public health on the North American continent."

Canada's new program, in simplest terms, is doing these things:

 Mapping in detail the health picture of every Canadian province and blueprinting the health needs

of every Canadian.

2. Attacking with all available weapons five of the most critical diseases: cancer, tuberculosis, venereal disease, arthritis and crippling ailments of children, and mental diseases, particularly among the young. The attack is twofold: at long range by research projects and by training hundreds of specialists and technicians; and immediately by making available, free, to every Canadian citizen the most advanced medical treatments and "wonder drugs."

3. Helping to build or enlarge more than 100 hospitals in the first year alone. The eventual objective is to eliminate an estimated shortage of 40,000 hospital beds throughout the country. Already the shortage has been cut by 13,000.

This year—and in each of the next four years—the Canadian government will spend as much on her people's health as in the past 27 years combined. And the most important effect on the average Canadian is that he will live longer—and be healthier while he lives.

Nothing illustrates this more dramatically than the chain of cancerdetection units being established across the country. Symbolic of the effectiveness of this new "cancerdragnet" is a story which officials of the Dominion's National Health Program refer to as "the case of the smallest cancer."

In Charlottetown, Prince Edward Island, where no cancer clinic had existed until a few months ago, a woman visited one of the first clinics for a checkup. Examination disclosed a lump in her breast so small that it might easily have escaped notice.

It proved to be a cancer—but the smallest that the operating surgeons had ever seen. The growth was easily removed, and the woman is almost certain to be rid of cancer

forever.

"Next to finding no cancer at all," says Paul Martin, his kindly eyes behind rimless spectacles turning suddenly serious, "we are most pleased at finding smaller and smaller cancers. We hope that 'the case of the smallest cancer' will be

repeated many times."

The ideal of "no cancer at all" is being sought via the most intensive research program ever launched in Canada. Part of the \$3,500,000 earmarked annually for cancer is going to a dozen universities and hospitals, which are using the money to further no fewer than 58 separate research projects. And to bring the latest knowledge of treatment into the Canadian program, doctors are being subsidized to study new methods in clinics at home and abroad.

Two Saskatchewan doctors, to cite only one example, recently returned from San Francisco, where they received expert training in the use of radioactive isotopes for cancer therapy. Prince Edward Island promptly applied for and received a grant to send a doctor to Regina for a two-year study under these physicians. On "graduation," he will return to Charlottetown to become

director of the cancer-control division.

Today, the Federal Health Office is known as "the busiest government division in the country." Under the energetic leadership of Martin, and the program's immediate director, Dr. Frederick W. Jackson, a score of men and women housed in a "temporary" wartime building in the heart of Ottawa are supervising the entire program.

Their tempo is more like that of a department store on bargain day than a dignified assemblage of civil servants. Their statistics are not last year's, but today's and tomorrow's. Their working day is likely to stretch far into the night. And their spirit is almost evangelical.

The reason back of this unbureaucratic activity is that the staff, from Martin and Jackson down, have become imbued with the feeling that the faster the dollars can be allocated, the more human lives can be saved. The moment a new project application comes in, Dr. Jackson literally pounces on it.

"Two of our nurses have contracted T. B.," says a typical application from a small-town hospital in northern British Columbia. "We are anxious to obtain a grant for X-ray equipment for examination of all patients on admission, for the protection of both patients and staff. The cost of the equipment is \$12,000 . . ."

Dr. Jackson evaluates the request, adds the folder to an application from a New Brunswick hospital which is ready to staff a mobile T. B. unit to be sent into remote townships, and a request from the Manitoba Government for a grant to give a nurse a postgradu-

ate course in polio rehabilitation. Then Jackson gathers up his folders and sets out in pursuit of Martin, who must put his signature on all projects to make them official.

The 869 projects which the health program has set in motion in the first year of operation range from a 1,269-bed hospital at Rivières des Prairies, Quebec, to the purchase of beauty-parlor equipment for mental hospitals. And, although Martin and his assistants are eager to spend millions as fast as recipients can prepare projects, every application must be checked down to the last cent.

If the office needs to prove this, it can call on the Carman, Manitoba, hospital to testify. The hospital applied for \$46,666.67 to complete a new building. In due course it received a check with a covering note, pointing out that the grant approved differed from the sum requested because the departmental accountant had found an error in the addition of items. Therefore the check was for \$46,666.66.

But checking on dollar statistics is only a routine part of the personal attention given to each project by Martin and Jackson. Together or separately, they travel across the country, learning at first-hand the "human statistics" of their program. In conversation, they are more likely to talk of individuals than of buildings or machines.

For example, Dr. Jackson returned from a recent trip to tell of Johnny G. and a new mental-hygiene clinic in suburban Winnipeg. Johnny, only nine years old, was in trouble with police for tampering with autos. The juvenile court judge

referred the case to the local childguidance clinic. But Johnny's mother was indignant at the idea that her son should be examined by a "mental clinic."

Johnny's troubles, which were largely his mother's fault, were revealed by investigators. His mother was a war widow and Johnny her only child. She felt she had to be both mother and father to him, and soon his playmates were calling him "sissy." To prove that he wasn't a "sissy," Johnny had turned to destructive acts.

Johnny's first run-in with police might have been followed by a familiar juvenile-delinquency pattern—persecution complex, more serious wrong-doing, a criminal career. But the clinic's "sentence" was a summer vacation at a children's camp. There Johnny, away from his mother, learned that "doing things" could be fun when done cooperatively with other boys, and need not be destructive.

"Behavior cases" like this, and the search for early constitutional mental disorders, are the second-largest beneficiary of the federal program, with \$4,000,000 a year allocated to the expansion of all phases of mental-health services. Psychiatrists and social workers who staff the national chain of stationary and mobile health clinics work closely with doctors, courts and schools.

As with the mobile clinics, much of the rest of Canada's intensive "search for sickness" is carried out on wheels. Trailer units and even railway coaches penetrate into remote places, ferreting out venereal disease and T.B. More than \$3,500,000 a year is allocated for diag-

Symbol of Democracy

The twentieth century has been kind to Canadians. It has given us the bounty of life itself—a score of added years. In support of provisional and municipal health services, the National Health Program now guarantees that this program will continue.

To open ever-wider the way to good health is to reinforce our fundamental right to health opportunity. Through this progress, we are hastening the coming of health care for everyone, regardless of ability to pay.

-Paul Martin, Minister of National Health and Welfare, Ottawa.

nosis and treatment for sufferers from these diseases alone.

Arthritis may seem a strange disease to include in a program attacking the major maladies, but the Canadian government recognizes it as one of the great "cripplers," affecting hundreds of thousands of Canadians and reducing the productive efficiency and enjoyment of normal life of one Canadian in 20. For research in the treatment of arthritis and rheumatic diseases, the federal program makes available to the provinces, and through them to the Canadian Arthritis and Rheumatism Society, funds for a complete program.

ONE REASON FOR the immediate success of Canada's health program is that it has the support of the Canadian medical profession. This acceptance is due largely to the fact that it represents a "mid-

dle course" between traditional private practice and socialization, as practiced in England and proposed in the United States. But it is also due to an excellent "selling job" by Paul Martin.

A year ago he was not so sure of acceptance. The plan was still being debated in the Federal House when Martin was invited by the Canadian Medical Association to explain the plan's provisions at its annual meeting in Toronto.

Martin knew it would be one of the most vital speeches of his career. If he failed to impress the eminent doctors, there might be repercussions in Parliament. So he prepared his speech carefully. Then he booked a seat on a plane which would carry him the 252 miles from Ottawa to Toronto in time to address the Association.

The day dawned stormy, and all planes were grounded. Martin asked the telephone company to arrange

a direct wire to Toronto, to be hooked up with loudspeakers in the Royal York Hotel where the medical gathering was being held. Not only was the convention hall covered, but also the room where the Canadian Dental Association was assembled.

Martin wasn't happy about the separation from his listeners. He wanted to sense audience reaction, to counter it if necessary. But he delivered the speech, and then sat back to await reports from Toronto.

The phone rang. It was an official of the Association.

"I'm sorry, Mr. Martin," he said, "but I'll have to ask you for copies of your speech to distribute to members. We only heard part of what you said. Your words were constantly interrupted."

Martin frowned. "It must have been the storm," he said.

"No," came the reply. "It wasn't the storm—it was applause!"

Passing Parade



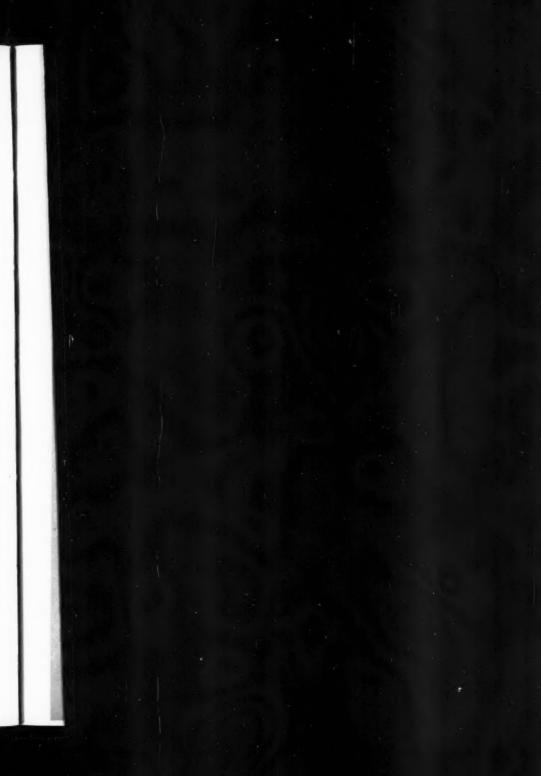
"I GOT OFF A streetcar this morning," said a salesman, "and being in no hurry, I began moralizing about the actions and probable character of three men who had alighted just ahead of me. The first one was even then halfway up the block and was going on with such rapid strides he had already put a couple of hundred yards between himself and the next man.

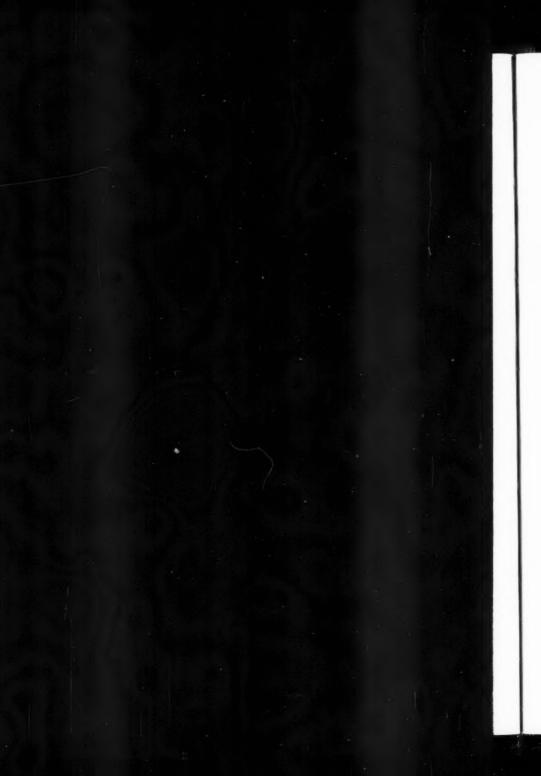
There, thought I, goes a hustler—a man who's bound to succeed.

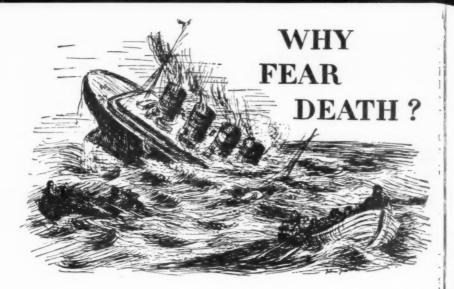
"The second man was walking rather slowly and impressed me as one who would do fairly well, perhaps. But the last fellow was just dawdling along in a most shiftless sort of way. I very quickly set him down as a loafer.

"Just then a thought came to me—all three were ahead of me!"

-Century Labor-Management News







How a brave man on a sinking ship faced "the most beautiful adventure of life."

A T 2:53 o'CLOCK on the afternoon of May 7, 1915, the Lusitania was torpedoed by a German submarine off the Irish coast.

When the blast came, Charles Frohman, the producer, was on the promenade deck, talking with George Vernon. They were joined by actress Rita Jolivet, Vernon's sister-in-law, and by an Englishman, Captain Scott. Frohman, smoking a cigar, was calm and undisturbed. Scott went below to get life belts, but returned with only two. Miss Jolivet meanwhile secured one for herself.

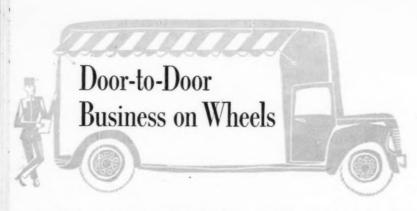
Scott put one of the life preservers on the protesting Frohman, who insisted that Scott get a belt for himself. In reply the soldier said: "If you must die, it is only once."

A whimsical smile spread over Frohman's face as he puffed on his cigar. Apparently he was the most unruffled person on the ship. The huge liner began to lurch. Its list became heavier; waves rolled up, carrying wreckage and bodies on their crests. Then, with the shorror of destruction all about him, Frohman spoke, the serene smile, still on his face.

"Why fear death? It is the most; beautiful adventure of life."

Instinctively the four people moved closer, joining hands by a common impulse, and stood to await the end. The ship gave a sudden lurch; once more a green torrent of water came rushing up, bearing dead and debris; again. Frohman started to speak the words that were to be his valedictory. But he had hardly begun when the group was engulfed and sank beneath the surface of the heaving sea.

The only survivor of the quartet was Miss Jolivet, and it was she who later told and retold the story; of those last thrilling moments.



There's a big boom in goods and services that can be brought right to your home

by Josef Israels II

WANT YOUR DOG washed at home? Or a ready-cooked roast for tonight's dinner; or tasteful draperies made to your measure and hung on the spot; or someone to drive up and repair that leaky faucet in the kitchen? These are just some of the goods and services that are coming direct to American homes every day through the rapidly expanding tendency to put business on wheels.

World War II interrupted a trend which was already well under way in prewar days with ventures like the "Good Humor" ice-cream wagons. But with vehicles and manpower now plentiful, business on

wheels is booming.

All over the U. S., men have put "fix-it" shops on wheels. They find both city and country dwellers delighted to have someone drive up with the tools and know-how to fix a broken water pipe or noisy radio right on the spot, for a reasonable price. One neighbor tells another, and the business pyramids.

Some enterprises that started on a small scale just after the war have grown into fleets of trucks on the roads. In other cases, big businesses, such as department stores and factories, have found trailer stores the way to sell customers.

In the first category is Connecticut's "Meals on Wheels," a service that began with a single car delivering sandwiches, snacks or desserts, and now has grown into a service honeycombing suburban and summer communities from Stamford to New Haven. At slack times of day, some "Meals on Wheels" cars park by the roadside to sell cold chicken, lobster, tarts and beverages to motorists. At other hours, the whole fleet is busy rushing supplies to party hostesses.

In the second category, Webb's Industrial Plant Service of Cincinnati found that traveling shoe stores mounted in spacious trailers filled the double mission of increasing sales and raising factory safety stand-

ards. The Webb specialty is specially designed safety shoes for industrial workers. Trouble was that workers would delay too long or just not take the trouble to get fitted. So, accidents occurred that might have been prevented.

Now the Webb trucks drive up to factory doors at specified periods. Workers, on company time, step a few feet from their jobs into fluorescent-lighted, roomy interiors. There are 1,600 pairs of shoes in the trailer's stock. Cost of the purchase may be deducted from pay checks if the worker doesn't have the money.

At other factories throughout the country, banks have found it profitable to set up traveling branch offices in armored trucks. These are driven to the factory gate on payday to encourage saving and to cash pay checks. Bankers credit these rolling offices with creating thousands of new accounts.

The Cunocar Accounting Service of Portland, Oregon, brings bookkeeping and accounting services direct to 2,000 firms. For specified fees starting at \$10 a month, one of 43 Cunocar units calls periodically with tabulating machines and other equipment. Cunocar is now auditing books up and down the Pacific Coast.

A unique traveling business catering to heavy industry is the group of oil-well drillers' supply stores operated by the C. W. Cotton Supply Company of Tulsa, Oklahoma. The drilling equipment sold by Cotton is heavy and costly, but it is often needed faster than local warehouses can provide it. So the traveling store sets up shop wherever a new oil field is being prospected. It has its own truck-loading

dock, designed to deliver heavy pieces direct to customers' trucks. Inside the trailer is a stock of several hundred items. When the new field settles down to permanency, or the drillers move on to another job, the Cotton trailer follows.

Also operating in the Southwest is a "hobby bus" sent out by the Aero King Modelers of Chicago. This big rolling shop sells model plane, train, boat and car poporontains tools and machinery be demonstrating to fans, and show movies of model-building techniques to local clubs.

In Cleveland, the city administration and the *Press* share sponsorship of a "showagon," a traveling theater which sets up in streets and parks throughout the city and suburbs during summer months. An 18-foot collapsible stage, complete with lighting, public-address and scene-shifting systems, and a band shell are available for performances

In St. Petersburg, Florida, two ex-GIs haul live shrimp to sell for bait at fishing centers. Their truck tanks of circulating salt water are kept "live" with air pumps. They can carry 30,000 shrimp in a load, and they sell out in a few hours when tourists are plentiful.

by local theatrical groups.

M oblice LIBRARIES are by no means a new story—but since the war, city and county library systems have vastly expanded such services, especially to remote rural communities. A typical library on wheels is operated in Cole County, Missouri. It carries 1,800 books, a 16 mm. sound movie projector and a record player in a commodious truck body, where readers can roam

the shelves and make their own selections.

Book exchanges at 33 rural grade schools, four high schools, and a score of gas stations and farmhouses are serviced once a month. The movie outfit, along with educational and documentary films, is loaned on request to community groups, while the record player is available for music students.

Philadelphia, the Anders & vis Motor Company serves meanics, garages and service stains with a parts merchandising

1. Steel bins are replenished daily with hundreds of car parts that are most in demand. Anything not carried in stock may be ordered for delivery immediately or on the 'truck's next call.

Francis H. Leggett & Company, wholesale food distributors, decided too few grocers could visit and inspect their New York showroom. So they had three trailer units built. These mobile showrooms now roll up to the doors of grocery stores in the East, South and Midwest.

Rolling display rooms have also been adopted by other organizations. The Waterbury Tool Division, Vickers Inc., of Waterbury, Connecticut, attaches a flat-bed trailer to salesmen's cars when they go on the road. Mounted on it are such items as a garden tractor, garden cart, riding sulky, cultivator, lawn mower and snowplow.

To carry Hammond organ and musical-instrument salesmen into isolated areas of California, Sherman, Clay & Company recently ordered a "Musicoach." The van-like truck boasts excellent acoustics to demonstrate instruments to their best advantage.



General Aniline and Film Corporation, with a new method of reproducing business records to demonstrate, has found it profitable to roll an "Ozalid Office Trailer" to the offices of big businessmen who would never take time for a trip to General's factory or showroom. The trailer carries an additional Ozalid outfit, which the crew will install before the customer's enthusiasm cools.

There is nothing new about putting an office on wheels. But a St. Louis contractor has given his portable office a 20th-century twist. Installed in his station wagon is a Bell System radiotelephone instrument. The contractor drives around from job to job, ordering building materials on the spot. Also, he checks by telephone on the progress of his crews.

But it remained for a clever newspaper photographer to use carborne radio in a more dramatic way. John Reedy of the New York Daily Mirror built into his station wagon a set of darkroom equipment to transmit photographs to his office by radio. Thus, eight minutes after a picture is snapped, it has been developed and is in the hands of Reedy's editor.

In Fargo, North Dakota, a mu-

sical-instrument distributor demonstrates and sells pianos direct from a truck in rural areas. In the Midwest, salesmen for one textile manufacturer tour their territories in cars equipped with elaborate sample racks, which may be carried into customers' offices, as well as dictating machines and files for keeping in touch with the home office. Daily reports are dictated in the car and

the records mailed back promptly.

Today, we Americans operate nearly 38,000,000 of the world's 53,000,000 motor vehicles—a ratio of one to every four persons as against one to 130 in the rest of the world combined. With this head start, it is obvious that the near future holds endless and ingenious extensions of the Yankee idea of putting "business on wheels."



Does Uncle Sam Owe You Money?

If you have worked for more than one employer in any one calendar year and earned a total of more than \$3,000, you have a refund coming from the Collector of Internal Revenue. It is estimated that more than \$10,000,000 is "lying fallow," waiting to be "plowed up" for the asking.

Under provisions of the Social Security Act, workers pay one per cent on the first \$3,000 earned in a calendar year. Any amount paid above that one per cent does not accrue to the individual's benefit; in fact, if not refunded within two years, it is wasted. Payments above \$30 will be refunded, but only upon application.

Suppose you went to work for a firm on January 1. After drawing \$2,500 in salary, you left for a better job. From June to November, you drew \$3,000 in salary, but were "released" to take another

position, where you made \$1,000.

Employer No. 1 deducted \$25 from your pay checks; employer No. 2 deducted \$30; employer No. 3 deducted \$10. The \$65 was paid into your "account." Here's how to get back the \$35 overpayment.

Get forms 843 and SS-9A from your local Collector of Internal Revenue and fill them in. Then mail both forms to the local office, Claims Division, and await check.

If there is no field office in your town, write the Social Security Administration, Candler Building, Baltimore, Maryland, and they will tell you where to apply.

Employees may request refunds within two years of the end of the calendar year in which overpayment was made. Social Security authorities are eager to have people request refunds, since the amounts are accumulating at an alarming rate.

—GIL GARDNER

Stars of Sports Who Never Lose



You can't defeat men like the amputee-athletes who combine skill with high courage

THE BIG AUDITORIUM of Chicago's Medinah Temple was jammed with a sports audience that ran a little heavy on the side of physicians and surgeons. But there was plenty of applause for the athletes as they skillfully performed number after number of the "Sports Roundup."

The baseball battery was firstrate. The pitcher wound up and let fly like a big-leaguer, while the catcher crouched to make an imaginary toss toward a runner trying to steal second. But what made the act extraordinary was the fact that both players were one-legged.

The program included almost every sport. There was a boxing exhibition between an amputee and a clever amateur. The referee who danced nimbly around the ring had lost a leg, too.

A bowler without hands sent a ball down the alley, right in between the one and three pins. A one-armed fisherman gave an exhibition of flycasting accuracy, and quickly tied and untied the flies on the end of his line.

The audience saw a brawny athlete hoist 250 pounds—balancing himself on artificial legs. They watched a shot-put exhibition by a 14-year-old high-school student who had beaten 45 contemporaries in competition, even though both legs were off below the knee.

Handless men played Ping-pong,

the ball hopping back and forth nimbly over the net. Other handicapped athletes showed their prowess in billiards, golf, roller skating,

even dancing.

It was more than skill that the audience applauded. It was the sheer dogged courage represented by these performers who had refused to allow themselves to be licked by the loss of limbs. Every movement that looked so easy represented days and weeks of hard, sometimes-painful practice. But the athletes had proved that men who won't give in, don't have to.

The doctors who watched knew this, and left the auditorium with renewed hope for rehabilitating America's 900,000 amputees — a figure which is being boosted by almost 75,000 a year. They had learned again the value of Dr. Howard A. Rusk's maxim: "The handicapped person works, he is

not worked on."

The men who performed at Medinah Temple are but a few of the seriously handicapped athletes who refuse to be discouraged. Consider, for instance, the one-armed amateur boxer, Tommy Rogers of Harvard. In 1947, he won Harvard's 155-pound championship and his coach, Tommy Rawson, said he was good enough to have entered the 165-pound class.

Only five years before, a train wreck had cost him his left arm and crippled his left foot. He packs a powerful wallop, and floored a couple of opponents on his way to the championship. Part of his success may be attributed to his tricky stance, for he fights from a southpaw position, lacing in and out

with his right fist.

Or take Donald Kerr, who has been called the world's greatest amputee athlete. Don was referee for that Medinah Temple boxing exhibition. When he fought on Tulane's boxing team, he won enough fights to know what the game was all about. And his clever footwork in boxing was carried over into badminton, despite the fact that he had lost his left leg above the knee at the age of eight.

Harold Bork went into the armed services as an average bowler. Then he lost his hands on Saipan. The: mechanical hooks they gave him were good enough to get him through a day's activities and allowed him to play billiards. But he still dreamed of sending the ball

crashing down the alley.

So he set to work and finally came up with a mechanical gadget to hold a bowling ball. He tinkered further and perfected the gadget so that it would let go when he was at the end of his forward swing. Now Bork bowls regularly with a V.F.W. team in Chicago.

When Darwin Rummel went into Navy aviation, his hobby was fly-fishing. During the war, he lost his right arm. Determined to resume his hobby, he first worked out a scheme for stripping the line. Now he clamps the butt of the rod between his chin and chest, using his left hand for stripping.

Tying the flies to the leader had him baffled, until he worked out a device to hold the fly while he tied it. Basically it was a clothespin clamped to a ruler held between his knees. Thanks to his courage, Rummel is again fishing his favor-

ite streams.

Monty Stratton gave a pitching

monstration at the Medinah Temple show. Eleven years ago, Monty was a top pitcher for the Chicago White Sox, but at the end of the 1938 season he went hunting. His gun went off accidentally and the doctors had to amputate his right leg. His big-league days were over, but not his pitching. Nowadays, he plays for the Sherman, Texas, team.

Actually, performances of some the handicapped verge on the *astic. Take Walter Baskovich,

likes to tour Army hospitals, practing on high-jump exhibitions. Everybody applauds, even though the chances are that Baskovich will never even come close to current records in the high jump. But what can you expect from a one-legged jumper? Besides, in his own field of gymnastics, Baskovich is good enough to be the national A.A.U. Tying-rings champion.

The handicapped—particularly the amputees—have been given allout help by doctors and engineers. In one sense, prodigious strides have been made in improving artificial limbs, yet they are still woefully inadequate in terms of what a real arm or leg can do. Now doctors have called on engineers to figure a way in which slight muscle

pressure could be multiplied to make an artificial arm exert much greater force.

They have developed artificial legs which stick to the stumps through pressure of the atmosphere. Other artificial legs have pumps which make use of compressed air and hydraulic pressure. There is even an artificial hand operated by electricity from batteries.

Today, sports are playing a vital role in building up the bodies and morale of the handicapped. Army hospitals have developed a fast version of wheel-chair basketball for the paraplegics of World War II. The players race around the court in their wheel chairs almost as swiftly as able-bodied players get around on foot.

It takes grueling hours of practice to learn how to sink a basket when you are permanently anchored to a seat. Nevertheless, the crack players on such teams as that produced by New York's Halloran General Hospital have gone out on the court and doggedly practiced until the ball began to drop through the iron ring. And while they were developing chest and shoulder muscles, they were also doing something even more important—boosting their own courage and spirits.

A Matter of Perspective



A HUSBAND AND WIFE were discussing the peculiarities and talents of certain artists. "I knew an artist once who painted a cobweb on the ceiling so realistically that the maid spent hours trying to get it down," said the man.

"Sorry, dear," replied the wife, "but I just don't believe that story."

"Why not?" he asked. "Artists have been known to do such things."

"Yes," was the reply, "but not maids!" —PAUL STEINER





The Young Chap whose sweetheart had just made him the happiest man alive went into a jewelry store to buy the engagement ring. He picked up a sparkling diamond and asked its price.

"That one is \$100,000," replied

the jeweler gently.

The young man looked startled, then whistled. He pointed to another ring. "And this one?"

"That, sir," replied the jeweler still more gently, "is two whistles."

-MILTON BERLE

JUST AS A CONGENIAL group of San Francisco sportsmen were starting on a hunting trip into the wilds of northern California, the cook they had hired fell ill. On such short notice no substitute could be found, so the party decided to go ahead without him.

After they got into camp they fixed on this emergency plan: every second day they played a round of poker hands face up, and the member with the lowest hand was designated as cook for the next two days—with the proviso, however,

that if anyone complained during that period about the cooking, the cook should be relieved of his job and the complainer made to take over the chore.

The first man to be stuck with the cooking job was a prominent attorney. He had never so much as boiled a potato before, and the first meal he turned out for his fellow campers was so bad that hardly anybody could touch it.

"This is the damnedest stuff I ever ate," one of the victims said in an absent moment. Then he remembered the penalty.

"But I like it," he added hastily and emphatically. "Gee, how I do like it!"

"Your methods of cultivation are hopelessly out of date," said the youthful agricultural college graduate to the old farmer. "Why, I'd be astonished if you got ten pounds of apples from that tree."

"So would I," replied the farmer.

"It's a pear tree."

—H. V. Prochnow

A a lawn party at his home to which he invited all of the prominent residents of his town.

His wife, serving cocktails to arriving guests, suddenly withdrew a glass she was holding out to one large, middle-aged man.

"Pardon me," she apologized, "you are president of the temperance commission, aren't you?"

He drew his hand up to the lapel of his coat and struck a pose.

"No, I am chairman of the vice commission," he replied, testily.

Smiling graciously, she thrust the glass into his hand.

"Forgive me for being mistaken,"

she said, "but I knew there was something I shouldn't offer you."

-FRANK MILES

A MAN BOARDED a train at New York and told the porter: "Now, porter, here's \$5.00. I want you to wake me tomorrow morning and get me off this train at South Bend. I sleep heavily, and I'll fight you and tell you anything to go on sleeping, but get me off this train at South Bend."

The porter thanked him, and promised the man he'd get him off at South Bend for sure. However, the next day the man woke up in Chicago, with South Bend far behind. He stormed up to the porter, who was talking to the conductor, and told him off in no uncertain terms before he went to get a train back to South Bend.

"My, that man was mad," said

the conductor.

"Lawdy, that's nothin'," replied the porter. "You should of heard the man I put off at South Bend!"

-Exha

"These rock formations," explained the guide to the party of tourists, "were piled up here by the glaciers."

"But where are the glaciers?"

asked a curious old lady.

"They've gone back, Madam, to get more rocks," said the guide.

-H. V. PROCHNOW

MR. PEPPER CAME HOME from the office one evening in an especially irritated frame of mind. The supper did not suit him at all, and news of what had gone on in the household, as detailed by his patient wife, only seemed

to add an edge to his temper.

To avert a storm, Mrs. Pepper hurried the children off to bed, and set out 'to visit one of the neighbors. She left Mr. Pepper in his favorite chair with the lamp placed so the light would fall just over his left shoulder and onto the evening paper.

But Mr. Pepper refused to be soothed. Everything was too peaceful and calm—there was no one within earshot with whom he might

find fault.

As he listlessly took up the newspaper, a very small kitten came silently into the room and crept across the floor toward him. Mr. Pepper, driven beyond control, flung the paper from him and roared at the offending creature:

"What the devil do you mean,

stamping in here like that?"

-IRVIN S. COBB

A YOUNG NEWLYWED stood in the meat market looking over the different meats in the showcase. The clerk asked: "And what can I do for you, madam?"

Shyly, she replied: "What do you have that I can make over if I don't cook it right the first time?"

-Benefit News

Have you heard a funny story lately? Why not pass it on? Coronet invites readers to contribute their favorite anecdotes for "Grin and Share It." Payment for accepted stories will be made upon publication. Address material to "Grin and Share It" Editor, Coronet Magazine, 366 Madison Ave., New York 17, N. Y. Sorry, but no "Grin and Share It" contributions can be acknowledged, and none can be returned unless accompanied by a self-addressed envelope bearing sufficient postage.





Golden Land

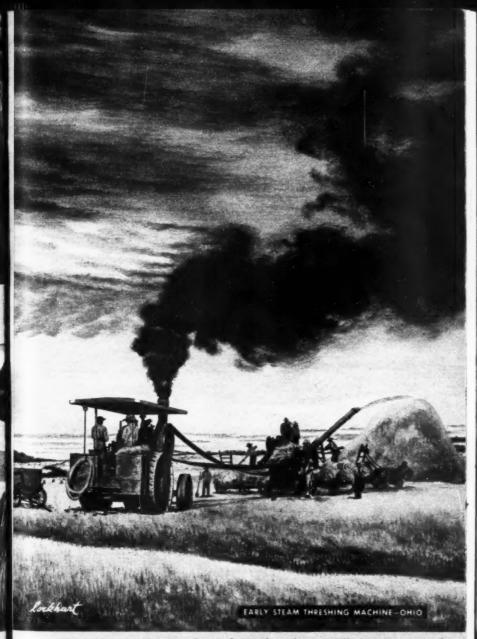
With these
distinguished paintings
by James Lockhart,
Coronet brings you the
inspiring story of wheat,
America's richest
harvest.



When pioneers broke the sod of the plains, they discovered a golden land. Tilling and reaping with implements almost unchanged since Biblical days, neighbors worked together in small fields.



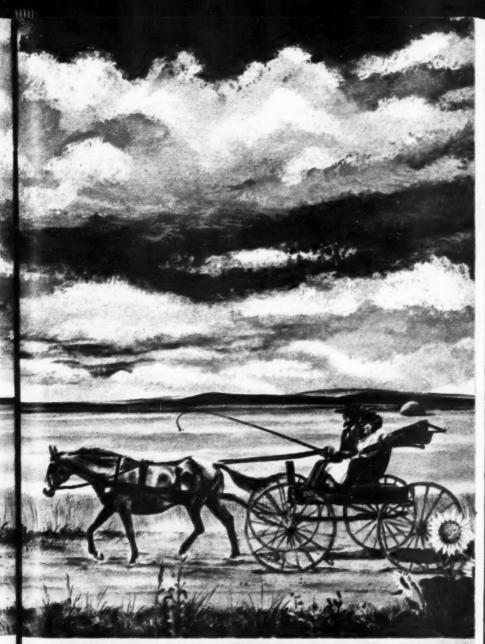
Yet, what hands could do in a day, a machine could multiply tenfold. Challenged by this dream of centuries, Cyrus McCormick tinkered with an idea destined to revolutionize harvesting . . .



. . . and a new age was born. Soon, farm boys thrilled to the roar of mechanical giants as the frontier pushed westward. And their fathers envisioned an empire of wheat spreading under the smoky sky.



This was Kansas on a summer's Sunday morning, with waves of golden grain breaking against the blue horizons. A horse and buggy and mail-order finery were late Victorian symbols of farm prosperity.



By 1900, America was leading the world in wheat, with a harvest of 600,000,000 bushels. Yet the end was not in sight. Off in the distance, vast "prairie deserts" promised even greater yields.



As railroads sent ribbons of steel streaming through America's heartland, mechanization kept pace. In the fields, mobile threshing crews moved from farm to farm, harvesting bumper crops.



Today, huge combines crawl through standing grain and miraculously cut and thresh in one operation. With such mechanical aids, the nation's annual yield has passed the 1,250,000,000-bushel mark.



In the Wheat Belt, every whistle-stop boasts its skyscraper—a grain elevator leaning into the prairie wind. As storage and shipping centers, elevators are the final focus of the harvest.



Beyond the simple country elevator, the golden wealth of the plains flows through a complex distribution network to consumer markets. Shipped by rail and sea, it may reach the far side of the earth . . .



. . . while on the farms of America's golden land, the men and women who have sown and nourished our most vital crops offer simple thanks for their rich harvest and abundant way of life.







Watchman of World Weather

by KEITH MONROE

Irving Krick's amazing forecasts helped defeat the Axis; today his laboratories are serving government and industry

THERE WAS WIDESPREAD amusement among Californians in the fall of 1936, when an obscure meteorology professor warned that they would shiver in phenomenally cold weather the following January. Heavy losses to fruit crops would result, he predicted.

Official weather experts saw no such indications. So the public guffawed at this young professor from California Institute of Technology. Who was he, anyway? Just some theorist named Irving P. Krick—a dreamy-eyed fellow with wavy hair

and a moustache, who looked like a musician.

In fact, he actually had been a musician, giving piano recitals at the early age of 13. Also, he had been assistant manager of a radio station, a bond salesman, a music teacher and an air-line clerk. Californians put him down as an eccentric publicity-seeker.

Early in January, Krick doggedly issued another warning of a killing freeze. He even named the date. His reception was similar to Noah's after predicting the Flood. Obviously, no one suspected that, within the next decade, Irving Parkhurst Krick would be recognized as one of the world's great weather ex-

perts; that Lloyd's of London would guide itself by his opinion on weather risks; that the supreme Allied generals in World War II would gamble campaigns on his predictions; that members of postwar global food commissions would ask his advice in feeding continents; and that business operations from Iraq to Mexico would hang on word from his laboratories in Pasadena and London.

In that January of 1937, however, Krick's reputation blossomed overnight—because at the time he had set, California fruit crops began to be blighted by the worst cold spell in a generation. Oil companies, caught unprepared, fumed for not having heeded Krick's warnings. Fruit growers, totaling their immense losses, decided to ask Krick's advice in the future. At last, Irving Krick was on his way.

By January, 1945, Krick had risen to the post of Chief of the Weather Information Section at U. S. Strategic Air Forces. In that month, he helped General Eisenhower make a historic decision. Eisenhower had to plan when to launch his spring offensive into Germany. If he started too soon and the Rhine was flooded, his pontoons would be washed out. The Germans, with long knowledge of spring weather in their Fatherland, figured the big push could not begin before May 1. But Krick said that the odds on favorable weather beginning February 20 were nine to one.

Eisenhower planned accordingly. Sure enough, continental Europe had a miraculously dry and early spring. The drive began February 23, and was over by May. The Germans were caught badly off bal-

ance, and the end of the war was brought months nearer.

Krick's whole career has been the reward of a decision he made as a young man in the gloomy Depression year of 1930. After graduating as a physics major from the University of California, and after trying his hand unsuccessfully at various pursuits, Irving got to thinking about aviation. If air travel became common, there might be need for more knowledge of storms and fogs and air currents. Why not make himself a weather expert?

Krick decided to take graduate work at Massachusetts Institute of Technology, but first he went to Cal Tech to brush up on mathematics. There he studied under geophysicist Beno Gutenberg, weather forecaster for the German High Command in World War I. Gutenberg persuaded the 24-year-old to stay and work independently on weather research.

While experimenting at Cal Tech, Krick worked nights at Western Air Express, and pilots became interested in his theories—particularly after he remarked, one night in 1933: "I think there's going to be a terrific storm on the Atlantic Coast tonight." Later that night, the dirigible *Akron* went down off New Jersey.

Next day, Krick said the storm was predictable and that the *Akron* shouldn't have been flying. Promptly he was called East to testify at the investigation of the disaster, where he clashed with more orthodox weather experts. They weren't impressed with his theories—but Cal Tech was. It had been seeking to improve forecast methods. Now it made him head of its fledgling

meteorology department, and sent him to Europe to study techniques

of meteorologists there.

From Germany he brought back his most significant idea: that weather is born in the upper air, and is shaped by the sun's effects. The Nazis believed that observation of ground-level weather over a few hundred miles wasn't enough; that global atmosphere, with its storm tracks and flow patterns, was the key to long-range forecasting.

This fortified Krick's conviction that the way to predict weather was to keep track of what the wild winds were saying all over the world and 20 miles up in the sky. A few American scientists began to listen. In 1933, when the President appointed a committee to reorganize the U. S. Weather Bureau, Dr. Robert A. Millikan, then head of Cal Tech, was named chairman. Millikan asked Krick to aid him.

Western Air Express found that 97 out of 100 forecasts made by Krick were correct. Other companies across the nation grew interested. A tire-chain concern discovered it could sell more chains by planning advertisements to coincide with snow and sleet predictions. Utility companies, warned by Krick of storms, were able to spot repair crews in threatened districts.

Krick set up the Krick Industrial Weather Service, to make predictions available by Teletype and telephone to clients everywhere. All sorts of enterprisers suddenly discovered that they could make money by knowing today what the weather would be tomorrow, or next season.

A farmer in the Rio Grande valley, where weather is uncertain, cleared \$90,000 in a year when many neighbors took big losses. Larry MacPhail netted \$10,000 by buying rain insurance for his baseball club only on days Krick advised. An Alaskan gold-mine operator, who could work his mine only after the first thaw, made \$70,000 one year because Krick predicted the thaw would come a month early, and he got his equipment ready.

Soft-drink operators no longer had to lose sales by not having enough bottles on hand when a heat wave hit. Big-city taxi fleets were able to call out extra drivers before a rainstorm. Department stores timed their advertising, hired extra help and designed window displays to coincide with the weather. Spreckels Sugar planned the harvest of sugar beets with foreknowledge of hot and cold spells, rains and droughts.

Movie studios became Krick clients. Managers of shooting units on location kept in touch with him by phone. They needed not only to know whether there would be sun or rain, but where and when they could find certain cloud effects.

One night in Culver City, the sky was reddened by flames; residents thought the city was burning. A city was burning—but it was a replica of Atlanta, built for Gone With the Wind, and camera crews ground steadily through the holocaust. Krick had told the studio what night and what hour the wind, temperature and humidity would reduce risk to a minimum.

A FTER PEARL HARBOR, Krick's commercial forecast business was killed, for weather became a military secret. But Dr. Krick speed-

ily became Major Krick of the Army Air Forces. As early as February, 1941, he had begun teaching his methods to Air Force specialists. and soon he was installed in the Pentagon Building.

Intelligence men were jolted when Krick predicted the time and place of the first Jap raids on Alaska, simply by studying portents in the skies. He showed that Jap ships could move in behind a screening cold front, and the enemy did ex-

actly this.

Meanwhile, Berlin had been using meteorologists with diabolical skill. The invasion of Poland, Greece and Crete, the attack on Norway, the overrunning of the Low Countries and France-all had "Hitler weather." But Krick knew this was not "luck"; Axis forecasters were guiding the moves with deadly accuracy. As chief of the Long Range Forecast and Research Section, he set his unit to help the Pentagon outthink them.

So began a war within a war. The meteorologists' war was one in which blind men groped with rays for clouds. They fumbled for the enemy's windpipe with thermometers and map paper. They turned dials, pushed buttons, read thermographs, prayed before electronic

computers.

It can now be revealed that General Patton gambled his landing craft on Krick's application of seaswell forecasting theories at the hour of the North African invasion. Patton realized the craft would be swamped if heavy ground swells hit them. At H-Hour minus 24, huge swells were running, and British experts in Gibraltar swore the waves would persist through H-Hour. But

Krick's associate on the scene contradicted them, and the armada

went ahead on his say-so.

The supreme days for Krick began in the fall of 1943, when he was flown across the Atlantic to advise General Spaatz, commanding the U. S. Strategic Air Forces. Krick was ordered to build up a Weather Information Section for advice on strategic bombing. In Spaatz's master plan, everything hung on four successive days of deep bomber penetration, and those days demanded weather of a kind rare in Europe

Few knew it at the time except for the high brass, but victory was slipping from our grasp. The enemy was building faster than we were destroying. Intelligence knew that terrible new fighters would soon be coming off German assembly lines, that supersonic V-2 rockets were on the way, that Nazi scientists were racing to unlock the atom. Time was precious.

D-Day was already set for next June, but an indispensable preliminary was to shatter the German air force. To this end, Operation Argument had been planned, to throw the whole strength of the U.S. Air Force upon key enemy aircraft plants. Four great attacks on consecutive days could cut German fighter-production by 75 per cent.

"Getting in and out of Europe is going to be costly," Spaatz told the planners. "I am not prepared to accept great risks for anything less than a clear shot at the targets."

Krick and his associates undertook the frightening job of finding a streak of clear weather at least two days before it arrived. He reasoned that, somewhere in the past, there must have been days with a weather sequence precisely like the current period. If he could find what results they produced, he could logically predict that the same result would recur.

From daily weather charts of the Northern Hemisphere for the past 40 years, researchers began digging out days with analogous conditions, then checked to see if the results repeated themselves. They did, al-

most exactly.

Krick felt that these matching charts, called analogues, gave him the best means yet devised for previewing weather. On February 17, 1944, he notified Spaatz that, beginning on the 20th, there would probably be three or more days of open sky for visual bombing of targets deep in Germany. Spaatz flashed an order to clear the decks for Operation Argument. Finally, on the 19th, Krick promised four good days.

The week that followed is still remembered by airmen as the "Big Week." American fliers went up by the thousands to fight and bomb deep inside Germany. By the end of six days, the Luftwaffe was cut to tatters and most of the fighter-craft production plants were severely damaged. The cost to America: 251 bombers and 33 fighters—about 2,000 men. But it was well worth the price in lives saved later.

Another reason the Normandy invasion succeeded so brilliantly was that, in the hours preceding it, Krick and his associates scored a victory in their duel with Nazi meteorologists. On June 3, German forecasters had told the General Staff that weather conditions would make any landing impossible for a

fortnight. Krick's new analogue system, however, indicated that invasion would be possible on June 6.

Other Allied weather experts advised against the attempt, but Krick and his group stuck to their prediction, and Eisenhower decided to stake the invasion on it. This was a fateful and fortunate choice, because the 6th turned out to be the only day when Allied forces could have begun the landing with sufficient time to make it stick.

After D-Day, Eisenhower elevated Krick's team and made it responsible to shaff for all operational weather advices. Krick ended the war a lieutenant colonel, and went into Germany to study the foe's methods of forecasting.

One of the things he learned was that Hitler's 1941 attack on Russia was launched against the warnings of his meteorologists. They predicted he would encounter Russia's worst weather in a century, but he flew into a rage and refused to believe them.

WHILE OVERSEAS, Krick met an English girl whom he later married. After the war, he returned to Pasadena and formed a new company of weather consultants. The laboratories now occupy a half block in Pasadena. There are 40 clerks and technicians on the pay roll, busy night and day with data that pours in by Teletype from U. S. Weather Bureau and Air Force observation posts all over the country, as well as from international weather stations everywhere.

Meanwhile, Krick is combining weather history and business history to blaze a new trail in commerce. What type of weather has coincided with extra-large or extrasmall volume for a company in the past? When an executive finds a cause-effect relationship, he may be able to steer his business more profitably.

Krick has a London office to advise clients in Europe and even Asia; and not long ago, he established a laboratory in Arizona for rain-making experiments aimed at increasing water in reservoirs. Other Krick crews are at work on similar projects in Mexico.

Elsewhere, Krick uses his methods to show fishing fleets where and when fishing will be good, and to help oil companies estimate the risks of offshore drilling.

Because of demands from commerce and industry to evaluate the weather as an economic factor in business, and in order to pursue basic research in meteorology more effectively, Krick resigned his post at Cal Tech and formed the American Institute of Aerological Research. The Institute is a nonprofit organization under contract to major oil companies, utilities and various government departments for special research.

Krick is portly now, and his luxuriant hair shows strands of silver. But he is still as restless, chatty and emphatic as he was in his early days. He can look back on a controversial career which has reduced suffering and loss from storms and droughts, which has made air travel safer, which has played a vital role in winning history's greatest war.

But Krick would rather look ahead than back. The challenges of ending famine, of learning to make rain and to steer storms, of reading weather rhythms farther in advance, of using radar and rockets to plumb the mysteries of the outer air—these are the problems that fascinate him as he peers ahead into the world of tomorrow.

The Not-So-Open Road



JOHN KIERAN KNOWS an owner of a big Cadillac limousine who brought it back to his garage in a dreadfully battered condition. The attendant asked, "What in the world happened?"

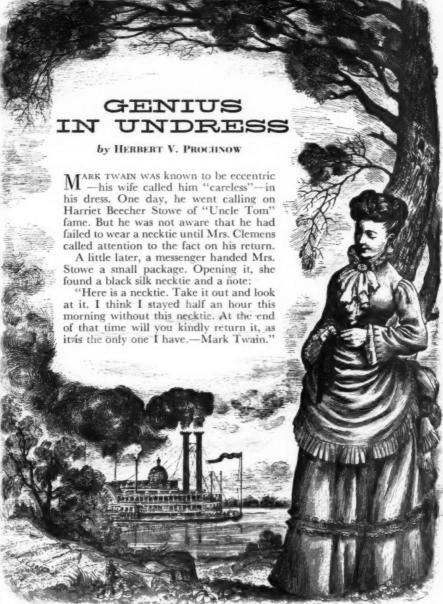
The owner replied glumly, "A Ford hit me."

The attendant took another survey of the damage and inquired, "How many times?" —Saturday Review of Literature

 $W_{
m she}$ is going to turn to the right, to the left, or stop.

Some motorists are in such a hurry to get into the next county that they go right on into the next world.

—H. V. Prochnow



ILLUSTRATED BY DOUGLAS GORSLINE

Those Amazing Penney Stores

by LAWRENCE GALTON

They're a Big Business with the friendly atmosphere of a home-town enterprise

Something unusual in the annals of big business was chalked up one day in 1947 in Alpine, Texas, when the local J. C. Penney store caught fire. After the firemen left, the store was still there, somewhat charred but still functional. Much merchandise, however, had been soaked, and until it could be dried out business had to halt.

At this point, local housewives rushed to the rescue. Some women hung Penney merchandise on their clotheslines, others spread it on their lawns, still others took over vacant lots for the drying process. In short order, the merchandise was returned to the store, and Penney was back in business.

This little incident of citizenry rushing to the rescue of a big chain store—that medium of mass-mer-chandising which on occasion has been called a destroyer of local initiative and a drain on the community pocketbook—is not an isolated one, by any means.

Some months earlier, when a tornado ripped through Wells, Minnesota, the ceiling of the Penney store caved in. Reconstruction took months. But, thanks to Wells citizens, the store was immediately

and cozily installed in the basement of the Methodist Church.

Such evidences of local love continually dumbfound students of merchandising, already flabbergasted by other peculiar facets of the Penney operation, which comprises one of the largest department-store chains in the world. The company has 1,602 stores in 48 states, ranging from big establishments in scores of cities to enterprises in towns of only 1,000. These stores handle wearing apparel, dry goods, shoes and some home furnishings. Last year, they sold \$885,203,023 in such merchandise.

Yet all this big business is done in violation of many commonly accepted techniques of mass-merchandising. For 46 years, it has been an ironclad Penney principle not to quote comparative prices. There has never been a "sale." Not a single dollar's worth of goods has been sold across the counter on credit. And "We Don't Deliver" is an unbreakable rule.

Penney, in the main, doesn't cater to luxury buyers nor to the cheapest trade, but instead to the average American family. And its success is not explained by the

physical lure of its stores. Although the mode these days is for shops to be zeniths of comfort and luxury,

none of this for Penney.

Until a few years ago, stores and fixtures were strictly utilitarian. Today, while many of the old establishments have been brightened up and new ones built to current design, the emphasis is still on attractive merchandise presentation.

But if you see no exotic trappings, you are likely to witness some unusual goings-on. Last winter in Antigo, Wisconsin, where the temperature drops to 26 below, one customer wanted underwear heavier than anything made. On the spot, the store alteration department sewed him a suit of snuggies from some surplus Army blankets.

In Plymouth, Wisconsin, a blushing young couple bought new outfits, then asked if there was any place in town where they could be married. The salesclerk called a justice of the peace and arranged

the wedding.

Such incidents amaze competition. But then, Penney salespeople seem to be a breed apart. Last Christmas, a couple in Monroe, Michigan, sent holiday cards to every salesclerk in the Penney store. And in California, Clark Gable, who buys work clothes in the Van Nuys store, finally parted with a prized jacket which he had worn all through the war-to a local Penney clerk.

What penney has accomplished is to combine all the advantages of modern mass-merchandising with the old home-town store idea, sacrificing none of the latter's friendly helpfulness toward customers. This extraordinary feat traces back to a singular individual who approached the store business years ago with a total disregard for usual methods.

James Cash Penney was born 73 vears ago, son of an old-school Baptist minister who farmed for a living. Disliking farming, young Penney got his first job, at 17, with a local merchant, then clerked in Evanston, Wyoming, for \$50 a month, a salary that permitted him

to get married.

In 1901, deciding to open other stores, bosses Johnson and Callahan offered their ambitious young employee a partnership in one of them for \$2,000, and even loaned him \$1,500 to swing the deal. Penney opened The Golden Rule in the mining town of Kemmerer, Wyoming. He and his wife lived above the store, using shoe cases as chairs. But in its first year, The Golden Rule grossed an astonishing \$29,-000; and soon Penney was able to buy out the Johnson and Callahan interest in all three establishments.

Now Penney put a new twist into his success saga. He wanted to open more stores, but the kind of men he needed could not be hired like so many hands. He proposed, therefore, to hire men of high caliber and train them in his present stores. Then he would set them up not merely as managers but as partners in new establishments. They, in turn, would train more men and then set up their protégés in still other stores. It was a unique plan—and it worked.

One of the first men Penney chose was Earl C. Sams, present chairman of the board, who came to the Kemmerer store in 1907. As each new store earned enough to open another, the latter was placed under management of a tested man with financial interest in it. By 1912, there were 34 stores.

In many of them Penney had no cash investment. The only central thing was a warehouse in Salt Lake City. Groups of manager-owners traveled to wholesale markets together, pooling their knowledge. It was a loosely jointed business, but they stuck together—realizing that each man's effort contributed to the success of all. And although a corporation was eventually formed, the basic idea didn't change.

Today, Penney managers don't even have to put money into the business, yet they are partners in effect. Each manager receives, in addition to salary, a share of the profits of his store. Maximum yearly salary for any man in the company is \$10,000. For the balance of their earnings, even top executives depend on a percentage of the sales revenue that they help to create.

Penney central offices in New York occupy a huge building on 34th Street, from which operate some 200 buyers for the chain of stores. They do the usual job of selecting merchandise from competing sources on the basis of value. But often, they go beyond that.

On one occasion, children's washsuit manufacturers were making products to fit a retail price of \$2.98, while Penney wanted a better suit that they could sell for \$1.98. So Penney buyers examined the best patterns available, then went to one of their wash-suit suppliers and studied his plant.

What they wanted, they decided,

could not be produced in this or any existing plant. But if a special plant were set up, the better garment might be produced at the lower price. The manufacturer agreed and Penney engineers helped to design the plant. Then, along with the buyers, they worked there until it was in operation.

Thus the central offices are geared to provide Penney stores with what they consider the best merchandise at a price. But the local store manager is still the final boss. From all the items offered, he selects only the things he wants. As a result, headquarters has to work as hard on selling him as any out-

side salesman.

Each Penney clerk, or "associate," as he is known, hopes some day to be a merchant too—and with good precedent. Top jobs are never filled from outside. There are 11 directors in the company with an average service of more than 30 years, and 34 district managers, each of whom started with Penney as a clerk or in a stock room.

Not as arbitrary as it used to be about personal habits (for a long time, the company would have no one who smoked), Penney nonetheless picks employees carefully, taking only four per cent of all applicants. Such selection is based on the applicant's interest in, and capacity for, becoming a merchant. The company calculates that it takes fully four years to get a young man well started on that road.

Relationships between workers and superiors are intimate and helpful in all stores, and there are no "brass" aspects, even in the central offices. No door is ever closed. There is a saying in the central office that if any man, including the president, were to close his door and keep it shut, he wouldn't last a week.

Customers seem to love everything about Penney's old-fashioned ways of doing business. On a recent Friday the 13th, a woman in Columbus, Nebraska, wanted to go upstairs in the store, but remodeling was going on and she couldn't bring herself to walk under a ladder blocking the way. The ladder was moved so that she could get upstairs, and moved again after she bought her dress.

"You're wonderful!" she said.

Others who think Penney wonderful are people like those in a Los Angeles suburb, who recently petitioned for a Penney store in their community and got it—just one of many communities which have circulated public petitions for Penney stores.

Not long ago, one of the largest organizations in merchandising hired a top executive of Penney. "We want to know the secret of what makes Penney tick," was the frank demand, with a big salary offer attached. But Penney executives were not worried.

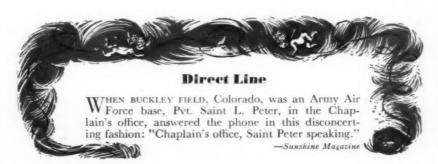
"Go ahead," they advised their old associate. "They won't believe what you tell them because it seems so simple."

Heading Penney management today are men trained in the old tradition. Sams, as remarked before, is chairman of the board. President A. W. Hughes, with the company 29 years, was once a Latin master with little interest in the world of business—until he became intrigued with the Penney kind of merchandising.

J. C. Penney, himself, who still comes daily to his office when he isn't overseeing his stock farms or lecturing in churches and before business and civic groups, explains his success in these words:

"Today's greatest challenge, not only in merchandising but in every phase of living, is human relations. You won't find a finer example of good human relations than between our people and our customers. The answer lies in the spirit within our company, built up because everybody has an opportunity to get ahead and participate in the profits.

"It pays to be unselfish from the selfish point of view. That's our secret—and it gets more priceless all the time!"





by ELLIS MICHAEL

Most people look at Nick Matsoukas queerly when he first tells them about his unique battle against superstition. However, as founder and executive secretary of the National Committee of 13 Against Superstition, Prejudice and Fear, Matsoukas has learned to take such reactions in stride.

Not long ago he walked into a Manhattan house-furnishings store to buy some mirrors. "What size and style do you prefer?" the saleswoman asked. "Oh, any kind will do," re-

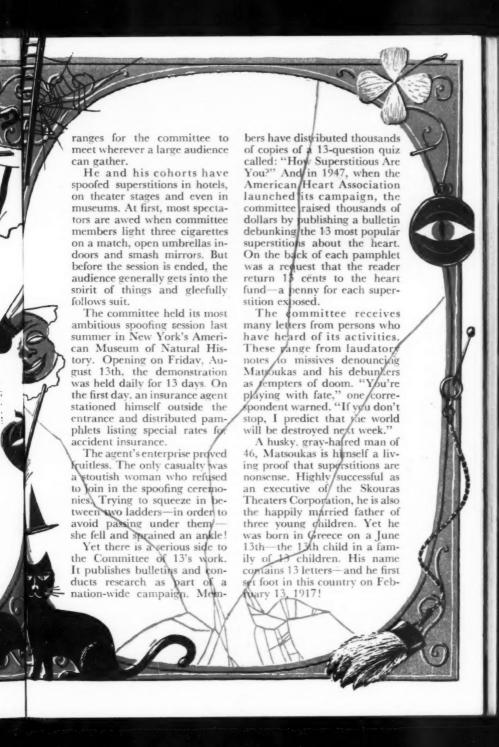
"Oh, any kind will do," retorted Matsoukas. "We only want to break them. It's Friday the 13th, you know. Please wrap up 13 of them."

Hastily, the saleswoman called the manager. Matsoukas did some rapid talking to convince the official that he wasn't a "crackpot," but in the end, he got his mirrors.

For some three years, Matsoukas and his superstitionchasers have been meeting each Friday the 13th to walk under ladders, consort with black cats and throw rabbits' feet into trash cans. Through such goodnatured spoofing, the Committee of 13 has been demonstrating that superstitions are silly and have no more basis in fact than flying witches.

Not long ago, Matsoukas called a press conference in the committee's national head-quarters—Suite 1313 of a New York office building. When newsmen and photographers arrived, they were shown a placard containing what appeared to be an ordinary calendar. Upon closer scrutiny, however, the reporters discovered that the calendar had 13 months, and called for a Friday the 13th in every month!

The Committee of 13 was founded on Friday, August 13, 1946. When Friday the 13th rolls around, Matsoukas ar-





How to Get Along With the Boss

by LESTER F. MILES, PH. D.

There's a right and wrong way of dealing with your superiors; if you hope to succeed, you should know the difference

No matter on which rung of the ladder of success you happen to be resting at this time, it is essential, for your future growth and progress, that the philosophy of your approach to your superiors on the job be as nearly acceptable to them as you can make it.

Continually we should be conscious of what other people reveal in their comments and reactions to us, and should indulge in self-examination from time to time. But, unfortunately, most of us have been too busy criticizing or laughing at others to get a truthful picture of ourselves—as others see us.

Now I don't pretend that I can give you all the right answers to this very important problem of getting along with the boss. Whatever I can offer is merely a starting point for your own consideration and study, and, if it fits your needs, for adoption and practice.

"Is there any organization entirely free of internal politics, or a grapevine system which conveys information from the lowliest employee right to the top?" I asked a management consultant of many years' experience.

"Certainly not," he replied. "I have never run into any group which didn't have factions and where information, especially bad news, didn't travel quickly to those meant to hear it."

We are inclined to overlook the importance of the political struc-

ture of our business connections and the effect it has on relations with our superiors. But we cannot take it lightly if we are to succeed. Politics consists of sagacious planning and actions, wisely adapted to an end. But how do we act, and how do we plan?

One of the mistakes made by many men is that of talking too much. This takes two forms—on

the error side:

1. We become impatiently obsessed with the desire for advancement. The most common outlet is to talk over our projected ideas with anyone who will listen. It tends to bolster our ego. But it is a good idea to control this urge by having your ideas in outline or completed form before you tell the whole organization about them.

Invariably, if you have talked too much prior to gaining required approval of such plans, then you are hard pressed to refrain from the next step—criticism of your superiors. This is a common occurrence, especially when approval of your ideas is denied after you have talked to everyone in the place.

Your superiors are likely to think that your talking around the shop was purposeful politics—the soliciting of support to force subsequent approval. And they are going to resent it, whether such resentment

is justified or not.

2. I have yet to sit at a luncheon with a group of men from the same office where serious or facetious criticism of some superior did not become a part of the conversation. While nine times out of ten no serious consequences may result, there is always the tenth time—and you may be it.

Criticism in any form is futile, particularly when directed at a superior. It will always be misunderstood, and will never change habits, methods, personalities or circumstances. So when you feel a tendency to criticize, you might ask yourself—why?

a.) Is it part of a persistent pattern you have established

against that individual?

b.) Are you qualified to make such criticisms?

c.) Is your criticism really just a gripe?

d.) Is your criticism a result of irritation or personal dislike for the individual?

e.) Is your criticism purely destructive?

As you will note, your motives and approach are important. It would be even more practical to examine carefully the individuals to whom you are talking. Are they part of political factions in which the object of your criticism maintains an important role? Even if your criticism is justified, are you certain it will not be misunderstood by the time it gets "upstairs"—knowing well that grapevine messages are usually distorted, according to the pleasure of the teller?

There are times when an employee finds himself in an "every-man-for-himself" organization, where personal humiliations are the order of the day. But continued advancement doesn't come easy in the most favorable environments. If we hope to succeed, we have to develop an ability to ignore personal pettiness, just as we have to overlook many little annoyances in the average business.

Your superiors may irritate you

frequently, and they may do a lot of things you have always believed good executives should not do, but somehow, you either have to get along with them—or quit.

In interviews with more than 50 executives in jobs ranging from assistant managers to vice-presidents, it was interesting to discover the methods these men suggest for better personal relations with those whom they must satisfy. Their general philosophy resolves itself to these points:

1. Accept the situation. To your superiors, you are an employee! They expect of you the things you expect of the people under your

supervision.

The conference or discussion technique is usually the order of the day between executives and their superiors. However, when orders are issued, they have to be carried out by the executives just as the workers must accept the orders from their seniors.

One man outlined a common situation: "If my boss, who happens to be executive vice-president of our firm, asks me to do something, I do it. If I disagree, I voice my opinions, for my boss is a reasonable man. But I do the job as he wants it done, just the same! He is paying me—and it makes no difference if I have to do it over and over again.

"But I have seen men come and go in our place just because they believed their position entitled them to argue with the boss, and in some cases even refuse to do a job as requested. However, in my case, I figure a man is boss because he

knows what he is doing."

2. Avoid direct challenges. Let your superior see that you respect his position and accept his authority. Superiors test themselves and the respect others have for them by deliberately issuing an order or requesting that some special task be done. It is one of the oldest tricks in business. If you fail in the test, your superior's disappointment can very well turn into actual dislike—warranted or not.

When you disagree on a point, do it in the form of a question he can answer. Never force him to admit an error. If he is a "big" man, he will admit his own errors when he thinks it wise and proper to do so. If he is a "small" man, you are only risking your neck by taking up such matters at all.

Bishop Warburton once wrote: "If you would please a great man, make him satisfied with you; if you would please a small man, make

him satisfied with himself."

3. Don't expect praise from your boss. It is easy to develop an attitude that expects a pat on the back after every job well done, but our world doesn't operate on that system. In most cases, you won't be disappointed if you expect your superior merely to hand you another assignment and tell you he wants it done in a hurry.

People who expect praise invariably turn out to be malcontents. "My boss!" they say. "Why, he doesn't appreciate what I do! So I just handle enough to get me by. Believe me, I've learned!"

They learn another hard lesson, these workers—there is no future in it. Executives know how to do a good job and go right into the next problem without stopping for applause. If praise is coming to you,

you will get it.

4. Don't be a reformer. Find out how your boss likes the work done and try to fit into his way of doing things. When he wants things in a certain form, give it to him. He has his reasons for asking, and if you have sufficient patience you can learn why. Then you may have an opportunity to sell him on better or different methods.

Find out about his favorite peeves and gripes, and see that you avoid them. They may range from arguments to leaving the office before he does at the end of the day. In some ways you may even feel that he is trying to run your life. But unless he oversteps all bounds of personal privacy—take it easy.

"My boss lectures me frequently," one man told me. "He sounds as though he were taking me to task for everything, but I've learned that he is only 'educating' me in the one way he feels possible. He is the kind of man who considers showing a liking for an employee, regardless of position in the organization, as a sign of weakness. So I've become a good listener. We get along fine."

Use the complete range of your own authority, of course, but do not tread on your superior's toes with a campaign of reorganization, criticism of existing methods, or by usurping powers which have not been officially granted to you. There is a time and place for ideas on reform.

5. Play the game. The back-alley politician cannot command the respect of good superiors, much less impress poor superiors with anything other than feelings of uneasiness or

outright distrust. In many organizations, there are those who go to management and say, "You should know that so-and-so is doing thus-and-thus," or "If so-and-so continues his present methods, we will be in trouble."

Another type of behavior which causes friction with superiors is the attempt to undermine an associate's standing in the fight for promotion. Big men take their troubles, losses and adversities with poise.

The author was guilty of not playing the game some years ago. I was an assistant to a vice-president, who had given me to understand that if he resigned, retired, or left for any reason, he had advised his superiors that I was the man to replace him. He died unexpectedly, and my bosses threw me into the breach for several months. Then I learned that the whole story had been devised just to keep me interested in the job. He probably thought it a justifiable method for maintaining interest.

When my superiors decided to fill the gap permanently, they employed an older man. Still burning with resentment, I quit when the

new man started.

As things turned out, the man lasted less than a year. In two years, they had three new vice-presidents in that job. Quite possibly I would have won the promotion in the end, had I been less impulsive. That's why I say that it pays to play the game.

6. Don't oversell yourself. Your superiors will resent familiarity and overfriendliness if most of it originates with you. Slow up a bit. Just as you must control the degree of familiarity you show toward those

working under you, so your superiors feel it necessary to control their personal relations with you.

If you tend to talk too fast, have the feeling that you are a bit awkward, recognize that you are firing answers to questions more rapidly than good thought would normally permit—slow down. Let the boss take the lead.

The best way to kill your case with a superior is to give yourself an obvious build-up and try to be too sociable, before he has become receptive to the idea.

The idea has to come from him. You can see that he gets the idea,

however, by:

a.) Noticing and mentioning his good points on occasion.

b.) Listening to his version of the jobs and problems he has licked, and admitting that you have acquired knowledge from his experience.

c.) Talking and acting as though you like to be with him.

d.) Admitting your need of his help and advice on occasion.

e.) Doing some detective work and finding out what he likes books, plays, sports, hobbies, recreations—and building an associate into a friend.

Your superior on the job suffers self-doubts, too. He wonders whether subordinates respect him. So take

the cue, if you can.

In large measure, the story of how a man approaches his superiors is also the story of his success or his failure in business. Gold mining and personal relations with superiors are much alike. The deeper you dig, the more values you are very likely to find.

Dutch Treat

DURING A ONE-NIGHT stopover in a farming community of central Texas last summer, I decided to while away some time at the local movie house.

As a shot in the arm for lagging attendance, I learned that the manager had recently inaugurated a series of weekly "barter nights," and as I approached

the ticket window I observed various customers exchanging such items as butter, vegetables, and other farm products for admittance to the show.

But what held my interest most was the sight of an overall-clad, tobacco-chewing individual nonchalantly milking a Jersey cow in the back of a truck parked in front of the theater. Out of curiosity, I delayed my entrance as I watched

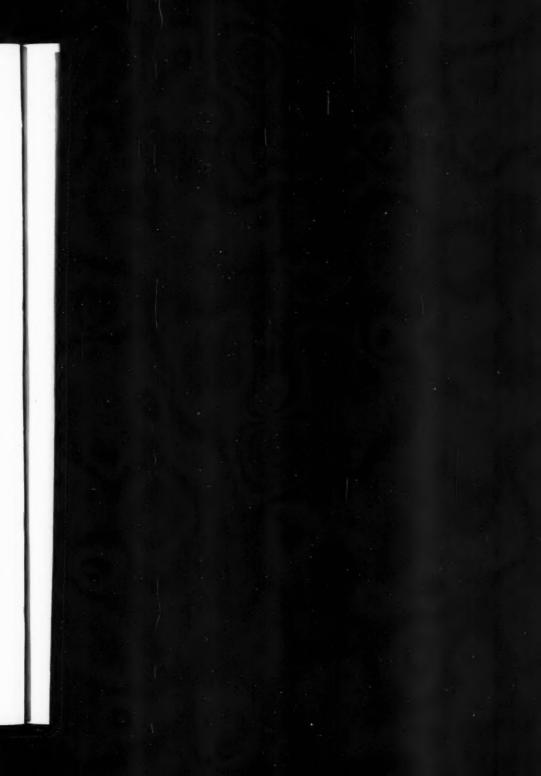
the farmer peer speculatively into the bucket he held, then climb off the truck, call "I'll be seein' ya, Ma" to the woman sitting in the cab of the truck, and ap-

proach the ticket window.

"But doesn't your wife wish to see the picture, too?" inquired the cashier as she gingerly took the bucket half-filled with milk.

"Ma will be along in a minute," came the answer. "She's got to milk her own ticket."

-LOUISE DUKE BROCK





Watch Your Hat

How good would you be as a hat-check girl? The gentlemen listed below have checked their headgear and now they want them back. Your job is to return the hats on the stand to their rightful owners. The hats are very unusual, so you should be able to recognize them by their shapes and sizes. If you match 16 or more correctly, you can consider yourself an expert on hats. Answers are on page 124.

| | 16 or more correct consider yourself at hats. Answers are of | n expert on on page 124. |
|---|--|--------------------------|
| • | 16 | French sailor |
| | African explorer | Hindu |
| | Baker | Miner 16 17 18 |
| | Basque peasant | Priest |
| | Belihop | Scotch-Highlander |
| | Cardinal | Skier 19 20 21 |
| | Coolie | Skipper |
| | Cossack | Torero |
| | Cowboy | Tyrolean |
| | Deerhunter | University professor |
| | Fox hunter | West Point Cadet |

Meet the Lowly Mole

A paradox of Nature, the tiny creature is well equipped for his battle for survival



by BYRON W. DALRYMPLE

You have just put the new lawn in shape, and the back-yard garden patch is sprouting vegetables. Then one afternoon you go out to have a proud look, only to find a network of unsightly earth mounds and aimless ridges. Moles!

The common garden mole is one of Nature's prime paradoxes—abundant in all temperate climes yet most seldom seen of any mammal, least known in person yet universally recognized by the exasperating signs of his profession. Few persons have bothered to be curious about this intriguing, six-inch, sixounce subterranean personality, so snugly fitted to his unique environment that, the endless war of man versus mole notwithstanding, his chances of survival are undoubtedly a whole lot better than ours.

The mole spends almost his entire life in underground darkness, digging his limitless tunnels. He digs unceasingly only to eat. Popular accusations to the contrary, he does not consume potatoes or the roots of other crops. Inadvertently he may destroy grass by uprooting it, and he may taste a vegetable now and then, but unlike the rodents with which he is often confused, the mole is an insectivore.

His diet is almost exclusively composed of insects and worms. Thus, he is actually extremely beneficial as an aerator of soil and the destroyer of billions of cutworms, beetles and other pests.

The daily doings of the mole reveal one of Nature's startling cycles of delicate balance. His life is a frantic matter of digging to eat and eating so that he may dig. Powerfully built and slow-moving though he is, his bodily metabolism zips along at such a pace that he must consume daily at least his own weight in forage. If he should stop digging for a few hours, or dig and find insufficient food, he would soon die of starvation.

That is why his tunnels pop up

so constantly and in such abundance. In fact, moles have been known to tunnel as much as 300 feet during a night. To match that, a man would have to dig and drag himself through at least 50 miles of dirt between dusk and dawn.

However, Nature has weighted the delicate dig-and-eat balance in the mole's favor by astonishing specialization. The mole's fur—thick, soft and very short—is fashioned to avoid any possible friction as he moves about in his tight tunnels. However it happens to be brushed—forward, backward or to either side—in that direction it will

lie perfectly flat.

The mole's face seems to be all long, pointed nose. But the nose is not comical for nothing. It is one of his two most sensitive sense organs. With it, he can detect a worm or beetle through several inches of soil, and with it, too, he senses the most infinitesimal vibrations. A mole hunching still in his tunnel is aware of the vibrations caused by a beetle digging its way through grass roots a foot or more away.

The mole has a tiny pink tail, in size barely worthy of the name. Yet, curiously, this is undoubtedly his next most important sense organ. It is alive with nerves which pick up vibrations from the bottom of his tunnel. When you walk toward a mole at work, intent upon lambasting the heaving earth with a spade, and you suddenly see the movement cease, it is most often his tail with which the mole has "heard" your approach.

Contrary to popular belief, he has eyes—but they don't work very well. In fact, they are concealed by flaps of skin to keep out flying dirt from his eternal digging. He also has ears of a sort. They, too, are covered with protective skin flaps, so that they neither hear a great deal nor show externally. The mole's voice, which he uses only under duress, is but a weak squeak of protest at sudden death. Thus, he sees, hears and speaks next to nothing, either of good or evil.

The mole's huge, round, heavily clawed forefeet are veritable shovels. During the few times when he finds himself above ground, he has difficulty even in walking, for those mammoth paddles are set far forward, seeming to emerge from his neck and standing straight out sideways in a near-perpendicular plane. Leaping and jumping are out of the question. All the mole can do is swim—in soil.

Now watch this diminutive underground operative at home and at work. He is about to make a ridge across your lawn. Bracing one front paddle, he makes a powerful sweep with the other, then vice versa, throwing dirt beneath and behind him. Then he turns on his side, plants one shovel firmly on the bottom of the excavation, sets the other flat against the roof. With a mighty heave he pushes up the roof of grass roots and earth.

Angry as that makes you, you have to admire his muscles. He easily lifts or pushes objects which

outweigh him 30 times.

Presently he has loose dirt backed up behind so that it closes his subway. But previously, he has made an opening some distance back, leading above ground. Since he cannot turn sideways in his tunnel, he now hunches up and makes a

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tight forward somersault, ending up on his back but headed in the opposite direction, toward the loose dirt plugging his back trail. Now he turns over, places a front paddle against the dirt and becomes an animated bulldozer.

Using his free shovel as a side brace, and digging in with his widesplayed hind feet, he begins to shove the load of dirt along the tunnel floor. When his pushing paddle tires, he switches to the other foot. Soon he has pushed his load to the previously made opening. Now he crowds beneath and sends it upward like an erupting volcano. These are the mounds of earth which dull your lawn-mower blades. Another tight somersault now, and he is ready to go back along a perfectly clean subterranean highway and begin all over again.

When the ground is moist, and good feeding conditions exist in the topsoil, he creates more ridges than mounds, for he can make roof pushing take the place of bulldozing. When the ground is dry and the worms go deeper, the mole follows, sometimes several feet beneath the surface.

With man despising him and animals preying upon him, there is little love or companionship in the life of the solitary mole. He is a hermit of sorts. Indeed, with the exception of unattached moles of the opposite sex—with whom the mole consorts but once a year and from which association two to five tiny naked moles are born in a deep, grass-lined nest each spring—the mole is even hated by other moles.

Moles, in fact, often battle each other to the death, using their astonishingly sharp, sicklelike teeth most effectively, regardless of their poor eyesight, awkward bearing and the handicap of fighting in total darkness.

There are more than a dozen species and subspecies of moles tearing up the U. S. landscape, largest of the group being the Western or Oregon mole, an eight-inch giant among his kin. There may even be other species unknown to science. Indeed, so adept at his job is the mole that for centuries he has kept scientists as much in the dark about his habits, numbers and underground manners as he is himself in his black and lonely beetle mine.

No Cause for Alarm

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J Aside from her having supported Jeff very well by taking in washing, he didn't appear too broken up about it.

One of the wife's customers stopped Jeff on the street and offered her sympathy. "Sorry to hear about the divorce," she said. "Thank you, ma'am," said Jeff.

"She's gone back to Louisiana."
"Goodness! Who's going to do

my washing now?"

"Be patient, ma'am," cautioned Jeff. "I'm courting again—and I courts rapid!"

—LILLIAN BLAINE



by JAMES WALLACE, JR.

But for one detail, a killer might have escaped punishment for his "perfect crime"

CEPTEMBER 11, 1943, WAS a sad day for Mr. and Mrs. Raymond Wilt. When the parents returned home from a shopping trip to downtown Pontiac, Michigan, they stumbled over the body of their 12-yearold son, Charles.

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The boy lay amid a tangle of electric cord near the back porch. Somehow he had become entangled in the wire; then, apparently in the struggle to free himself, the cord had looped around the boy's neck three times and choked him to death. This theory seemed logical, since there were no evident marks of violence on the body.

Dr. Leon F. Cobb, Pontiac coroner, was called, and he held that the boy's death was accidental. The investigation was officially closed. But the grieving parents were not convinced that Charles, a careful and practical boy, had come to his death through a clumsy accident. They "instinctively felt" that he had been murdered. Finally, Wilt telephoned Prosecutor Charles L. Wilson and told him what he believed.

Wilson drove to the home near Oxford, Michigan, and had pointed out to him every detail of how the boy's body had been found. He examined the looped section of cord which had strangled the youngster. All the visual evidence checked with previous reports. There seemed to be no reason to reopen the investigation; yet Wilson, like the parents, could not believe that a normal boy would have been unable to free himself from a coil of tangled cord.

Finally he said: "I'd like to look through the house. Maybe we'll stumble onto something—a sort of prelude to the accident. If the boy was playing, perhaps he had some tool-pliers or something. Surely

he had a motive for-"

Just then Wilson stopped talking. The silent parents had guided him through a series of rooms. Now, at the open door of the last room, they stood. Inside the room, on a table, was a magazine which caught the prosecutor's eve.

"Who occupies this room?" he

asked Wilt.

"Why, a young man who lives with us. Patrick Norris. Nice fellow who works at a Pontiac foundry. Surely you don't think he had anything to do with this?"

The prosecutor turned to the staring parents. "I'll keep this magazine for the time being," he said.
"Later, I might want to talk with you folks. But say nothing to any-

body for the present."

An hour later, 35-year-old Norris sat across the desk from Wilson. The official studied the slender, shifty-eyed young man reflectively. When Norris' nerves had reached a jittery stage, Wilson tossed the magazine casually on the desk.

"Now why, Norris," Wilson asked softly, "did you murder that Wilt boy? I know you killed him, so I want the truth, and want it quick! Why—did—you—kill—him?"

"I ain't killed anybody," Norris

said sullenly.

Wilson opened the magazine and began to read aloud. The author of one of the stories had described a "perfect murder"—exactly like the "real" one under investigation. In the story, as in the present case, the coroner had ruled death "accidental." Wilson believed that Norris had simply adapted fiction to a real-life situation. All he needed now was an adequate motive.

"You killed that child," Wilson repeated. "I know it—and you know it. And you're going to tell

me why you did it."

"I never touched him," Norris said. "You can't prove anything."

"Oh, you'll tell me," Wilson replied, and nodded to the waiting officers. "Lock him up!" he ordered.

On September 17, six days after the boy's death, Norris asked to see the District Attorney. Wilson appeared with a stenographer.

"Yes, I killed that boy," Norris

mumbled.

"Why?" Wilson snapped.

Because he was mean, and al-

ways bothering me."

"Stop lying, Norris!" Wilson said. "I happen to know that you and little Charles were on the best of terms. Do you want me to bring the boy's parents here to remind you of the fact?"

"No—no!" Norris said. He shuddered and went on: "I—I guess I was crazy. I read in that magazine about a perfect murder. I just wanted to see if it would work."

But it didn't. Judge George B. Hartrick appointed a group of psychiatrists to study Norris. Unanimously, they held that he was insane. Later, however, he was declared sane and brought to trial. The jury found him guilty. Even when he was sentenced to life imprisonment, Norris refused to believe it. "I would have committed a perfect crime," he insisted, "if I had just not left that magazine in my room."

The story that had brought a murderer to justice was titled "The

Lamp Cord of Death."



The Flame of Life

Life is a flame that is always burning itself out, but it catches fire again every time a child is born.

-GEORGE BERNARD SHAW

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THEY FIGHT FOR LIFE.

Disaster lurks in many fearful guises. Fire, explosion, tornado, flood—nearly every day, catastrophe reaches into some corner of

the U.S.A. And yet, each time, Americans relearn a heartening truth: when tragedy strikes, man's best friend is his fellow man.



Somewhere, threatened by wind-swept flames, a pin point on a map becomes a disaster area. The call for help crackles out and trained disaster-fighters swiftly marshal their forces.



Within minutes they are ready to strike back at the unleashed fury of nature. The pin point has become a magnet, drawing help from every direction within a radius of hundreds of miles.



In these critical moments before a forest fire can extend its fiery domain over communities, initial efforts may spell the difference between a few burned-out acres and widespread tragedy.



Angry floodwaters threaten a river valley. Homes and property—even lives—hang in the balance, and many hands labor long into the night in a backbreaking struggle against the rising tide.



On the turbulent seas, would-be saviors are themselves swamped, grappling to stay afloat on the churning waves. But not far away, calm and efficient plans for rescue are already being carried out.



In the night, a crack streamliner plows into a slow-moving freight train. Screams of fright pierce the darkness, and then the rescuers are there, carrying victims from the twisted wreckage.



Swollen by thawing snow and heavy rains, floodwaters inundate fields and cities every spring. When the Columbia River went on a rampage last year, 47,000 people were left homeless.



But of all disasters, fire is the most fearsome. Stealing through the night to threaten families as they sleep, it sears grim but imperishable memories on the minds of all who flee its grasp.



The locale of catastrophe can never be predicted. A man lies injured in a mountain fastness, beyond reach of planes or trucks. But a dog team and sled are dispatched and another life is saved.



When people are stranded in flood-stricken areas, streets that once bore foot traffic become waterways. Yet, seldom are all rescue approaches sealed off to America's determined disaster-fighters.



New mechanical devices are constantly being studied for possible use in the fight to save life. A helicopter hovers over a treacherous swamp, plucks a man upward and transports him to safety.



The compassion of Americans extends beyond their fellows. A frightened pup, trapped by a mountain slide, becomes the object of a farflung search. And millions tensely await news of the outcome.





In a recent 12-month period, 17 major disasters visited America from one coast to the other. But long after the headline excitement has faded, the quieter work of rehabilitation still goes on.



Bewildered by fear and shock, the stricken must be cared for until they can again help themselves. Organized groups like the American Red Cross have done great service in the wake of disaster.



But sometimes the scope of catastrophe is so vast that emergency facilities are inadequate to meet requirements. Then all the bountiful resources of this rich and generous nation are called upon . . .



... from every corner of the United States comes a flow of desperately needed supplies. Housewives serve as emergency nurses—volunteers from every walk of life contribute to the monumental task.

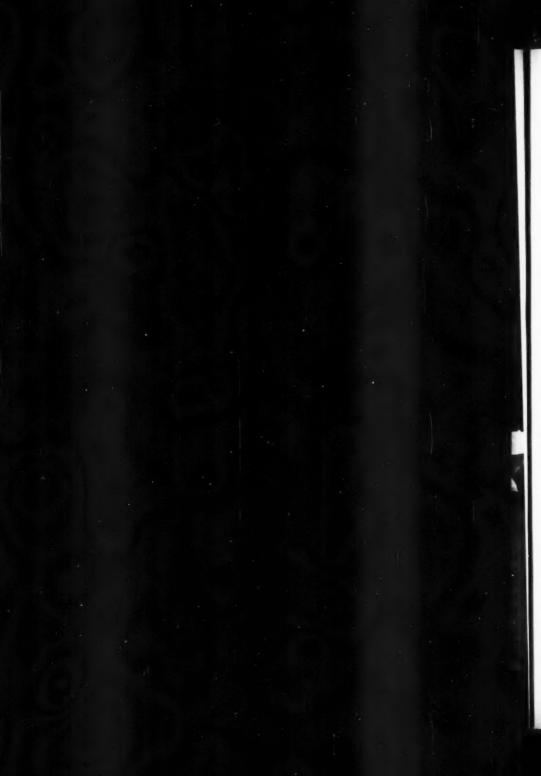


The reconstruction goes on. Frightened youngsters are comforted and reassured, then they are gently questioned as every effort is made to reunite them with their frantic parents.



At last the fight for life is won. Now there is need for a strong and resurgent faith in the future. With this faith, Americans will rebuild on the ruins for the busy tomorrows that lie ahead.







Here is a modern decalogue for husbands and wives, designed to help them avoid the mistakes that lead to broken homes

CLOBAL WARS may come and go but the war of marriage goes on forever. As proof, statistics show that there is a divorce for every four marriages in the U. S. But there still remain the other three-fourths. Hence the major question is not how to keep marriages out of the divorce courts but how to keep husbands and wives happy in their homes.

One of the most intriguing pronouncements on marriage is contained in a book written back in the 17th century. In it the author tells of a queen who, as she gave her daughter in marriage to a king in a foreign land, also gave ten commandments as safeguards for a happy union. They were:

- 1. Beware his anger.
- 2. Provide proper food and drink.
- 3. Guard his night's rest.
- 4. Be careful with his money.

- 5. Betray not his secrets.
- Like his friends and dislike his enemies.
- Be considerate and conciliatory.
- 8. Do not be too demanding.
- 9. Accede to his requests.
- 10. Do not be jealous.

Now, these commandments will evoke chuckles from modern wives, and stir wistful memories in the minds of husbands who secretly yearn for the good old days when the weaker sex was in duty bound to listen, learn, labor and love. Nevertheless, they all reveal an intelligent understanding of the basic problems involved in marriage.

Of course, if that queenly mother were speaking today, her commandments would be quite different. Over the past three centuries, vast changes have occurred in the institution of marriage: family and home have been forced into new and different molds. Men and women meet and marry in a much more sophisticated atmosphere.

Yet, fundamentally, such com-

mandments are needed today quite as much as they were needed 300 years ago. This fact is emphasized by a glance at some of the seemingly new marital problems fashioned by the war and the current crop of jokes about the snares and pitfalls of marital life.

For example, there is the GI definition of marriage as a "process for finding out what sort of a man my wife would have preferred."

There is one of the problems put to radio's Mr. Anthony: "My wife has run away with my best friend, and I miss . . . him."

There is the interview in a U. S. Employment Service Office, where an applicant for a job, asked if he had any physical handicaps, replied: "Yes, I have a wife and two children."

Then, too, there has been a tide of resentment against the alleged unreasonableness and faithlessness of married women—a tide revealed in current newspapers, magazines and books. For example, the author who suggests that the only way in which the average wife can be kept happy is through possession of three concurrent husbands, each endowed with perfection in his special field—namely, the Business Husband, the Handy Husband and the Lover Husband.

All this public discussion indicates serious tensions in modern monogamous marriage which leads to much human misery and tragedy. Hence a new set of ten commandments for wives and husbands is in order. On the assumption that monogamous marriage still plays a very vital role in civilization, I would like to offer the following:

1. Expect imperfection. Perhaps some marriages are made by a Divine Power in heaven, but they must be lived by human beings on earth. We all know that neither man nor wife is perfect, yet we behave as if we expect them to be.

Your man has been made in the image of God, but you cannot expect him to act exactly like God. Your woman is an angel, but her wings are not eternally air-borne. Your partner is not perfect, any more than you are perfect. Often, in trying to correct your mate's mode of living, you may kill the mood of loving.

2. Fight monotony. Remember the barbed saying: "Savages have many wives but Christians only one. This is known as monotony."

There is nothing so deadly as dullness. Variety is not only the spice of life but also of marriage. There is a time to play and a time to work, a time for speech and a time for silence.

Disraeli, whose wife was 12 years older than he, once said: "She is my severest critic but a perfect wife, and has never given me a dull moment." Monotony might be called the chief enemy of monogamy.

3. Respect differences. Quarrels do not make for differences, but differences make for quarrels. The

Dr. Louis Binstock has been in the ministry for 25 years. His present congregation, Temple Sholom in Chicago, has a membership of more than 1,850 families. Into his study have come scores of husbands and wives seeking help with their domestic problems, and his sympathetic counseling has saved many marriages.

best way to manage differences is not to let them get the better of you. Household peace is a product

of compromise.

The story is told of a patient 60 years old who, after being examined by his physician, was found to possess the body of a man 30 years younger. "This is incredible," said the amazed doctor, "How do you explain your remarkable phys-

ical condition?"

"Well," the man replied, "when I married in my twenties, my wife and I entered into an agreement about differences that might arise. If she should be wrong, she would go into the bedroom and remain there for three hours, and if I should be wrong, I would take a three-hour walk. And so, doctor, for the last 35 years I have been leading an outdoor existence."

It has been said that when husbands and wives quarrel, love flies out the window. This is not necessarily true, for a quarrel does not always indicate a lack of love, but rather a clash of differences. Love is lost only when it is not strong enough to conquer the quarrels.

4. Develop common interests. No marriage can hold together when its partners are pulled and are pulling in different directions. There must be a similarity of basic backgrounds brought into the relationship-physically, mentally, emotionally and spiritually.

For instance, there was the young bride who, soon after the honeymoon, asked her husband: "Why is it that we don't think as much of each other as we once did?"

He looked at her, puzzled, and replied, "I haven't an idea."

"Ah," was her quick answer, "perhaps that's the reason!"

Common interests can be created where once they did not exist. Yet a mere beginning is not enough. For the marriage to continue on a note of happiness, common interests must not only be maintained but even increased with the years.

5. Establish a partnership. In too many marriages the relationship is one of master and servant, employer and employee. Unless the business of marriage is a true partnership where husband and wife share and share alike, it will always be a corporation in which one is the majority stockholder.

The late J. P. Morgan once was asked to explain the mechanics of a joint bank account. "Quite simple," quipped the financier. "It's an account where one person deposits and the other withdraws usually husband and wife."

Even if your marriage is a joint account, be careful not to take out more than you put in.

6. Be generous. A recent bride was asked: "When did you really get to know your husband?" Her sober answer was, "The first time I asked him for money."

Usually it is the husband's responsibility to be generous in money matters. But there are other ways in which generosity plays an important part. Be generous in understanding, in sympathy, in forgiveness. Be generous in encouragement, in praise, in gratitude. Be generous in love, in hope, in faith.

7. Keep the in-laws out. There is a story of a girl who had been courted

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for five years. Every night her mother waited up, hoping to hear that at last the man had proposed. Then one night the daughter came home downcast. "What's wrong?" asked the mother.

"Well," was the reply, "I'm not going to marry John; he is an atheist and doesn't believe in hell."

Immediately the mother's face brightened. "Oh, don't let that worry you. Marry him, and I'll help you teach him he is wrong."

Many a marriage that might have been a heaven has been converted by in-laws into a hell.

8. Respect personal privacy. Husbands and wives are also human beings with unique characteristics. There are times when a human being needs release and rest, even from the one he loves most. Sometimes one is most lonesome when he is not alone. And being alone is often the best preparation for being together.

9. Be truthful always. In Mein Kampf, Hitler proclaimed that the bigger the lie the better, and that a lie repeated often enough will be believed. The best refutation of these falsehoods is Hitler's fate. A little lie usually leads to a big one. And a lie that is repeated becomes suspect. Don't expect to live long together if you lie to each other even for a short time.

10. Keep on growing. A marriage should be dynamic, not static. If you stand still for a while, you begin to go backward. If you stop climbing, you start slipping. So keep growing—mentally, emotionally, spiritually.

It has often been said that when a husband and wife live with and love each other long enough, they begin to look alike. So, too, if you keep on growing in mind and heart and spirit, you will some day stand firmly together on the peak of marital peace and happiness.



The Fourth Estate

WHEN BARNUM WAS near death, the Evening Sun of New York asked the great showman's publicity agent if Barnum would object to having his obituary published before he died. The publicity man said, "No, go right ahead. The old man will be delighted."

So the next day Barnum read four columns about his own death, and he loved it.

—Dale Carnegie

"M' GOSH, BILL," groaned the managing editor of the tabloid, "nothing scandalous has happened in 24 hours. What'll we do for the front page?"

"Aw, don't get discouraged, Steve," the city editor comforted him.

"Something'll happen. I've still got faith in human nature."

-H. V. PROCHNOW

CANADA'S MOTHER OF COURAGE



by CAROL HUGHES

Her unwavering faith and devotion turned tragedy into something like a miracle

When LITTLE Carol Bowman was born on Thanksgiving Day in 1941, it was immediately evident that she was hopelessly blind in one eye and had no promise of sight in the other. The saddened parents took her home from the hospital to their simple apartment at 66 Main Street in Newmarket, Ontario, Canada, and began to think in terms of bringing up a baby without sight.

Watching her closely, they soon began to discover other disturbing things. When someone spoke or made a noise, the infant never turned her head. Yet if a door slammed, she winced.

One day her mother, Dorothy L. Bowman, asked the doctor if the failure to heed sound was due to blindness. Sorrowfully the doctor

shook his head. "You had better see an ear specialist," he said.

When Carol was just one year old, her lack of hearing was pronounced congenital. A deaf-blind baby! When the truth dawned on Dorothy Bowman, she became semi-hysterical. As any anguished mother would do, she gave up to despair.

What can I do with my child now? How can I train her? A drab and purposeless life stretched ahead for both mother and child. But the final blows were still to come. Little Carol developed spastic paralysis of the knees, leaving her with little sense of balance. She also proved to have an incoherent tongue. To almost anyone, a deaf, dumb, blind and spastic child would have seemed completely hopeless. But to Dorothy Bowman, after the first pangs of despair, she became the greatest challenge on earth.

There must be doctors, there must be schools, there must be recovery for her child, immediate recovery. And so began the long and futile treks to doctors, to clinics, to institutes for the deaf and blind.

Always the verdict was the same. Carol would not see. Carol would not hear. She might never speak, and her sense of balance was definitely awry. Bleakly, Dorothy Bowman faced the future. Whatever was done, she must do. But she would never put her child in an institution. Already she had learned that Carol had a good mind slumbering beneath its handicaps—and a way must be found to make that mind useful. From hopelessness and despair, Dorothy Bowman's restless intellect reached out beyond the present.

"Suddenly there was nothing tragic about my life or my child's," she recalls. "I saw a whole new life opening before me—a life with a completely worth-while mission. In dedicating myself to help Carol, I would also help hundreds of others."

With calm determination, Dorothy Bowman now turned her attention to a new problem—training herself instead of the child. She must uncover every method of teaching a deaf, dumb and blind youngster. There had been others before—for example, Helen Keller . . .

The name galvanized her. She heard that a woman in Indiana had collected a vast library on Helen Keller's achievements. There the mother went.

"I did not go to bed all night," she says quietly. "I moved a cot into the library and spent a day

and a night renewing my faith and studying the things that had helped

that great heroine."

Thus began a new life for Dorothy Bowman and her child. She learned that Denver University was the place to start her training. The Bowmans were far from wealthy, and medical attention for Carol had been costly. But, undaunted, Mrs. Bowman set out for Colorado in 1943 with her baby, determined to earn while she taught herself. At the University, she studied and practiced the speech therapy known as moto-kinesthetics, under direction of Mrs. Edna Hill Young.

The following summer she went to Ypsilanti, Michigan, and then headed for the California School for the Blind at Berkeley. The change of climate brought on sinus attacks for Mrs. Bowman and a series of colds for Carol. And there was the problem of getting someone to stay with the child while the mother

taught and learned.

Throughout all this period, however, the training of Carol was taking place, night and day. Discipline and a rigid schedule began as soon as the girl was old enough to move about. One resolution Dorothy Bowman made:

"I was determined that she would never be coddled, never be allowed to throw tantrums, but that she would always know the love and security of devoted parents. And above all, she must be taught calm-

ness and happiness."

FROM THE MOMENT Carol awakened in the morning, her schedule began. She must be taught that each day a certain thing would happen at a certain time; teeth must be brushed, hair combed, food eaten properly. Under her mother's gentle guiding hand, she learned how to brush her teeth, how to do her own hair, how to use knife and fork and spoon. And she also learned that when she was put to bed no amount of crying would bring anyone to her aid.

Soon, a minor miracle was wrought by this early training. Carol became a completely happy, gay and bright little girl. She was spared the terror that Helen Keller knew in her youth through failure to understand the dark and silent world around her. From the start, Carol was introduced to affection and love. And yet, even this open sesame to an otherwise sealed heart had to be taught.

Every night, Dorothy would kiss her on the cheek and then press her lips to hers. When she was five months old, Carol surprised her mother by returning the kiss. "I was so surprised," Mrs. Bowman says happily, "that I almost dropped her. I tried it again and she responded. We understood each

other better after that."

In all this early training, the Bowmans' program was based on the idea that Carol would never be able to see or hear. Doctors had given up hope. James Bowman devoted hours to remaking toys into useful instruments for his daughter's advancement. Due to her spastic knees, he made walking skis to which he attached her shoes, and then gave her poles so that she could navigate by holding herself upright. He put blocks on her tricycle pedals, with rubber bands to hold her feet in place.

Years were spent by a devoted

father in a "maybe-this-would-work" campaign. And through it all, Carol made progress. She became sturdy, inquisitive, and always showed a "want-to-be-independent" attitude. She learned to pull herself up, to start out on her own, to fall a dozen times, try again—and never cry. And although progress was amazing, the Bowmans always lived under the shadow of grief and heartbreak.

That Dorothy Bowman today is witty, happy and active is something of a mystery. For she has been hurt almost beyond the bounds of bearing. From the day she returned home after Denver and Berkeley, she knew what she was going to do. At a meeting of the Lion's Club in Newmarket, she made her first speech in behalf of other local children who needed specialized training. She told members of the club that if they would help her find the children, she would train them-in school, in her home, or in theirs.

"Knowledge for me," she says simply, "is of no use unless I can

share it with others."

This unselfish attitude has brought Dorothy Bowman many heartaches. She was unprepared to discover that there were 65 children in and around her home town who needed special training. She went to their homes to offer help. Again and again she was rebuffed: she was suspected of having ulterior motives. Yet, with courage, tact and patience, Dorothy Bowman made her way into strangers' hearts. Ultimately, her unremitting devotion made of her a leader in almost every capacity in her town.

Tall and attractive, with serene

blue eyes and prematurely gray hair. Mrs. Bowman has an almostregal way of carrying herself, as if she knows how to hold life without fearing it. Her tireless energy is proven every day. Aside from teaching her own child and 65 others. she has found time to organize a little-theater group. Also, she writes a daily newspaper column called "Young Hopefuls" for the Newmarket Era and Express, in which she counsels other mothers with handicapped children.

Through all of this, Dorothy Bowman has made Carol a part of her life. No woman has ever worked harder to give a child a normal upbringing and background. And yet always in the early stages, Carol was different, and of necessity this made her mother a slave to routine. Breaking the child of bad or mischievous habits was a long process, because Carol could not hear that it was wrong, could not see that it was wrong.

The problem of having other children play with Carol has presented the most difficult part of the training. A child can be cruel. And Dorothy Bowman has gone to any length to avoid this cruelty.

The Bowmans have a summer cottage at Lake Simcoe in Canada. To this cottage, each year, only parents with children are invited. The extra cooking, cleaning and entertaining are nothing to Dorothy Bowman compared to her joy at having Carol learn to play with normal youngsters.

If any parent wants to leave children with the Bowmans, they are happy to serve as "baby-sitters," for as the wise mother says: "The best thing for a handicapped child is to study, work or play with a normal voungster."

Almost eight years of indomitable faith, patience and even drudgery have passed since Dorothy Bowman dedicated herself to the successful task of rearing her child and helping all others within range. And the years have brought a miracle. Today, Carol Bowman can speak a

few simple words; she can hear and understand most of her mother's instructions; she can walk around a room under her own power; she can see quite well in one eye. And her voice is low and resonant, with none of the harsh qualities so often found in a deaf person. Dorothy Bowman has turned

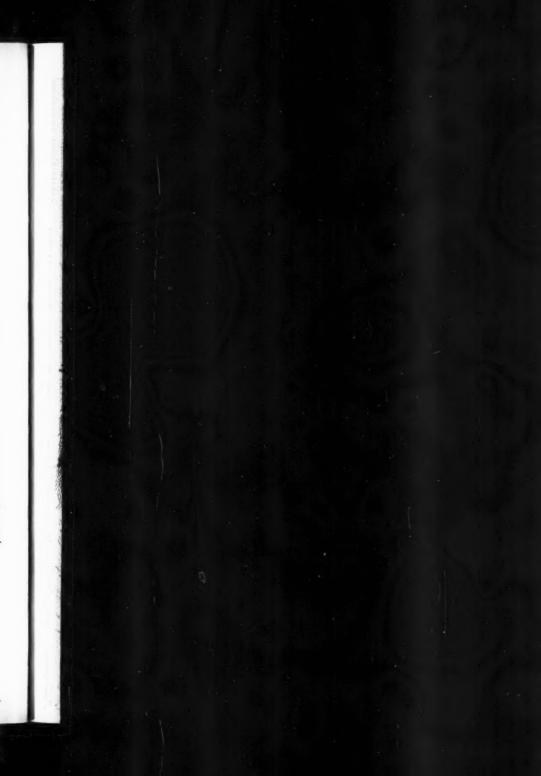
seeming defeat into a promising future. And of this epic of silent courage and a faith beyond understanding, she says simply: "Some people call it a miracle—others call it God. I can only hope that other mothers, reading about her, will never give up with their own child or surrender to despair, even if doctors offer no hope."

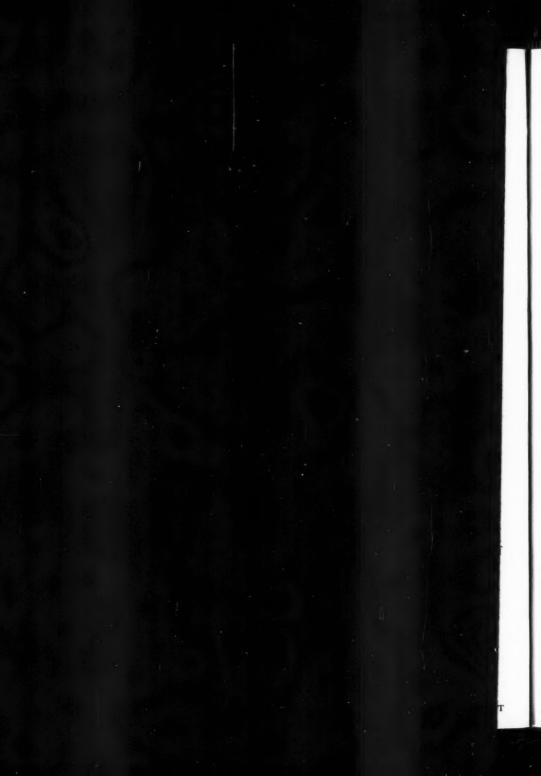


Voice of Experience

Experience is said to be the best teacher. And considering what it costs, it ought to be.

-PAUL DUNHAM





THE ALIAS OF DOOM



ILLUSTRATED BY H. E. BISCHOFF

Outside the doctor's waiting room, the autumn leaves were beginning to fall to London's pavements. The white-haired man sat by the window, smiling sadly as he watched them fluttering downward. They could easily symbolize the years of his own life.

"Mr. Winkelman, the doctor will see you now," the nurse announced. Charles M. Winkelman seemed entirely at ease as he accepted the chair before the physician's desk.

"Mr. Winkelman," the clipped British syllables rang in the old man's ears, "the clinical findings are, well . . . that a tumor has developed in the left cerebral hemisphere. I can only advise that you have immediate surgery."

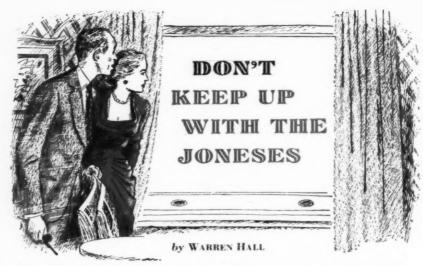
Winkelman's features tightened, "And who in England would be competent to perform such an operation?"

"Frankly," the doctor replied, "since your home is in the United States, why don't you have it done there? Charles Wronkow is the best man. His skill is amazing."

Winkelman shook the distinguished physician's hand. Outside the Harley Street offices, he walked back to his hotel, thoughtfully scuffing at the leaves.

Several days later, London newspapers reported a tragic event. A famous American surgeon, Dr. Charles Wronkow, had committed suicide while vacationing in England. Police were especially curious as to why a prominent doctor like Wronkow had registered at a small, obscure hotel. And under the alias of Charles M. Winkelman.

—H. J. Zwang



Living beyond your income to maintain a false front can lead to grim tragedy

ONE OF THE COMMONEST diseases which afflict American men and women is not listed in the medical books. Nevertheless, it is a highly contagious malady, attacking not only individuals but whole families. It lays waste to the mind and the pocketbook. It spreads discontent and misery. It even leads to crime and suicide.

Sometimes it is called "social climbing"—sometimes just "keeping up with the Joneses." And one of its strangest characteristics is this: victims often fail to recognize the symptoms.

If you bluntly tell a sufferer what ails him, he will likely reply: "Why, you're crazy! Social climbing is for the rich."

Whereupon, with no feeling of self-contradiction, he goes off and buys more clothes than he needs, joins a club he can't afford, takes up some overly expensive sport,

splurges on a vacation, plays cards for stakes beyond his limit, wrecks his budget for the sake of a big party, or indulges in any of a hundred similar extravagances.

Why does he do these things? "The Joneses had nothing to do with it," he will tell you. "I just needed a little fun"—or "I thought I'd earned a treat." He really believes it, too, forgetting that if John Jones hadn't belonged to the club, or played golf, or gone to Bermuda, or attended the party, he would have been glad to exercise some common-sense economy.

Ignored or unrecognized, the shadow of Mr. and Mrs. Jones looms large behind a lot of "fun"—and a lot of heartache. It darkened the marriage of Jack, a Marine sergeant, and Marie, a pretty model. Other wartime newlyweds had made mistakes, but this couple were really in love and, as a consequence,

felt that nothing could harm them. What difference did it make if Marie had a swarm of free-spending friends? For a while they all had a wonderful time, making the rounds of New York night life.

As a serviceman and hero, Jack was seldom allowed to pick up a check. Then the war ended and he went out of the Marines, back

to his \$65-a-week job.

It took him some time to realize what was happening. He wasn't trying to keep up with the Joneses. He and Marie just liked a good time; the people they went around with were their friends, and after all, a fellow had to pay his own way.

Jack paid his way deep into debt. Then came arguments, and Marie, still in love but unable to endure the hollow sympathy of her cronies, left him. Many a wartime romance ended there, on a note of tragedy. But this one, thanks to the wisdom of Jack's father, was an exception.

The father had observed what was happening. When his son turned to him for advice, he said: "There's an old friend of mine in Chicago who'll give you a job. I'll lend you enough money to pay your debts and get started out there."

"But I've always lived in New York," Jack objected. "I don't know anybody in Chicago."

"That's why it is a good idea,"

his father replied.

So Jack went to Chicago; two months later, Marie rejoined him. With no friends to impress, they were able to concentrate on impressing each other. Today they have children and a pleasant home. By reversing the field, they have left the Joneses far behind.

Why do people exhaust them-

selves in trying to get abreast or ahead of others? Circumstances involved Jack and Marie, but thousands of Americans enter the struggle deliberately. Indeed, a good many of today's wives can be defined as women who want to buy according to the incomes of their neighbors' husbands. However, the chief damage caused by the disease is not to the pocketbook. It is to the mind and spirit.

Psychiatrists define social climbing as a symptom of what they call "comparison thinking"—that is, thinking of yourself in terms of other people's tastes and abilities,

instead of your own.

"Comparison thinkers" embark on one or both of two equally futile efforts. Feeling unsure of their own personalities, they try to borrow the personalities of those around them—dressing up in ready-to-wear mannerisms. Or they try to impress their personalities on outsiders and, in this dangerous and indirect way, prove their own value to themselves.

An Ohio town recently witnessed the melodramatic outcome of what had seemed a comparatively harmless social rivalry. Two women were the moving forces; they had begun trying to outdo each other as schoolgirls and the contest had continued into adult life, affecting their marriages and their children.

The daughter of one attended a fashionable Eastern school; therefore, the daughter of the other had to do likewise. Finally, one of the girls, in a moment of revolt, eloped with the young man who had carried her books when she was in pigtails and who, from her mother's point of view, was most ineligible. It took the girl only six months to

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discover that the tastes she had picked up at home and at school could not be satisfied on her husband's modest salary. So she went

back to her parents.

Two weeks later, she consented to take her husband for a drive in her father's car. When she refused to listen to his pleas for a reconciliation, he grabbed the wheel and turned the car off the road. It plunged over an embankment, killing him and fracturing his wife's spine. Doctors say she will never walk again.

Equally tragic was the case of Henry M. Brooks, who occupied a modest home in Greenwich, Connecticut, until he developed from a brokerage clerk into one of Wall Street's most flamboyant operators. He moved his wife and daughter into a luxurious estate and established such a high standard of living that he couldn't bear the thought of reducing it after his fortune vanished in unsuccessful promotions.

To keep up a front, he borrowed more and more. Finally, the weight of his debts inspired him with hatred of his heaviest creditor, Joseph R. Watkins, who had been a former business associate. He shot and killed Watkins as they sat in a car outside an inn in Princeton, New Jersey. While police were hunting Broóks throughout the East, he

locked himself in a hotel in near-by Asbury Park and put a bullet through his head.

Divorce is another common byproduct of social climbing. Driven to desperation by the efforts of their spouses to outshine either Mr. or Mrs. Jones, less-ambitious wives and husbands have turned to the courts for relief. But there again, the disease seldom is called by its right name. It emerges as "incompatibility" or "mental cruelty."

Not long ago the wife of a prominent Midwestern industrialist obtained a Reno divorce on grounds of desertion. She was widely sympathized with; her husband was just as widely condemned. Acting apparently from pure caprice, he had given up his business, as well as his wife. He had bought a little place in the country, and there, it was whispered, he did nothing but loaf. Only his closest friends knew the inside story. To them he said:

"Ever since the day of our marriage, Helen has driven me against the Joneses. Another year of it and I would have dropped dead in the shafts! I decided to quit, that's all. Now I'm enjoying myself for the first

time in my life."

Fifty years ago, there was perhaps some excuse for women of the kind this man married. Tied to their own households, their creative instincts restricted to the production of a family, the ladies of those days often took to social climbing as a means of letting off energy. Today, with so many opportunities open to them, women should certainly be able to turn their talents to something more constructive.

A New York judge evidently thought so when he ruled that it is a

wife's obligation to see that her husband doesn't spend other people's money in helping her to climb socially. W. Arthur Nickel, \$60-aweek Manhattan cashier, made \$784,000 by juggling his company's accounts. Most of the loot went to three confederates, but he retained enough to buy a new home, two cars and a cabin cruiser.

As he sentenced Nickel to prison, the judge said: "His wife pushed him into the mire. Nickel showered her with diamonds and furs. All of a sudden, she was wealthy. If she had put her foot down, as any decent wife would do, this whole mess might have been nipped in the bud. She must assume responsibility for her husband's downfall."

Social climbers operate in all classes, among the poor as well as the rich, and the grief is equally distributed. A member of English nobility had to auction off some keepsakes recently to pay the five servants she couldn't afford.

Meanwhile, in New York, an obscure peanut vendor went to jail for beating his wife. They had quarreled because he spent \$20 for a whistle which would blow louder than a rival yendor's.

One reason that the average man looks upon social climbing as a disease peculiar to the rich is that it is most publicized among the wealthy. When Richard Roe, a grocery clerk, tries to keep up with his next-door neighbor, nobody but the sufferers in his own family pay much attention. But when someone like Leonard Bacon Clark tries the same thing—that's news.

Clark was the son of a millionaire shipowner. In order to make the boy self-reliant, his father had the novel idea of setting up for him, while he was still in school, a trust fund of \$170,000. About all this did, apparently, was convince Leonard that money was in the same category as manna from Heaven. The father handled the investments; the son just wrote the checks.

In 1936, Clark died, leaving his son in control of most of an estate valued at more than \$2,000,000. Leonard, a lawyer by this time, went on writing checks. Neither his mother, his sister nor his wife had any reason to complain of his liberality. If sometimes they wondered how it was that the death of the shipowner had caused no diminution of the golden flow, Leonard would explain that his law practice was very remunerative.

He gave his mother an annual income of about \$70,000, while he himself paid \$4,500 a year for a New York apartment, maintained a summer home, and allowed his wife \$2,000 a month for household expenses. And he spent \$2,000 a year for theater tickets, \$1,000 a month on a stamp collection, and \$10,000 a year on four clubs.

Then, suddenly, Leonard Clark tried to commit suicide. Although it failed, the attempt brought him to the attention of the Assistant District Attorney. An investigation was started, and one day Clark was arrested on a charge of grand larceny. Surprise continued to mount when he pleaded guilty and admitted that his "remunerative" law practice actually was bringing in no more than \$5,000 a year.

In order to keep up appearances, he had embezzled large sums from his father's estate. However, in view

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of his cooperative attitude, the continued support of his family and friends, and the fact that he had surrendered his inheritance rights in order to make restitution, he was let off with a suspended sentence.

Few of us are concerned with keeping up with the residents of Park Avenue, but in our own circles the same sorry game is played. The objectives, though less dazzling, are basically no different from those that fascinated Clark. Perhaps it would be helpful to stop and define these objectives—write them out.

What are you trying to do, anyway? One of two things—or both:
a) to show the Joneses that you are as good as, or better than, they are;
b) to force yourself on them.

Both aims are futile. For if, you really were as good as, or better than, the Joneses, you wouldn't worry about showing them. And anyhow, how can you show a thing like that to somebody who either doesn't want to be shown or doesn't care a whit?

As for the second point: you know how you would feel toward

someone who tried to force himself on your company.

The whole business of keeping up with the Joneses is clearly absurd, for even in the rare cases of climbers who attain their objectives, the price they have paid in heartaches, insults and general discomfort is so great that often their only remaining desire is to revenge themselves on the Joneses. Moreover, the cost of social climbing is reckoned in terms not only of unhappiness but of man's most precious possession, time.

If the time spent in comparison thinking, in trying to be something you aren't, were devoted instead to refining and improving what you are, the results would be far more worth while. In today's world, the opportunities to concentrate on work, hobbies, real friendships and other constructive aspects of life are more plentiful than ever.

The wise men and women who bend their efforts in these directions are not only happier and healthier—but find that their hours are so gainfully employed they never think about keeping up with the Joneses!

The Good Old



Summertime

A BUSINESSMAN arrived home for evening dinner to find his lovely daughter arrayed in her latest purchase, a two-piece swim suit. She said, "How do you like it, Dad?"

He replied: "Well, you are well on the road to receiving a good tanning everywhere except where you should get it."

—Rolarian

 $H^{\rm E}$ entered a big store and made his way to the gardening department. "I want three lawn mowers," he said.

The assistant stared hard at him. "Three, sir?" he echoed. "You must have a very big estate."

"It's not that," said the customer grimly. "I have two neighbors."

-Cape Argus



When Florenz Ziegfeld, Jr., died in a flower-banked room in a California hospital 17 years ago, he left behind him more than merely the inspiration for a film actress named Luise Rainer to pick up a phone and cry her little heart out. Among other things, he bequeathed us a nostalgia that over the headlong rush of fickle years has somehow managed to remain willful, persistent and, on the whole, a lot of fun.

Ziegfeld, a mirthless man with a taste for colored shirts, private rail-

road accommodations, gold-plated phones, exotic foods, one-thousand-word telegrams and striking-looking girls, was 63 at the time of his death. In the 36 years since he had brought Anna Held, member of an operetta troupe, over from London and proceeded, through the alchemy of publicity, to transform her into the Belle of Broadway, he had become the most glamorous figure in the American theater.

Yet for a man who had made several millions during an era when income taxes were comparatively nonexistent, Ziegfeld left a curious estate. Among his bequests—most of them unexpressed—were debts of well over \$500,000; an apparently inexhaustible fund of personal apocrypha; a paling galaxy of aging women whose only claim to fame lay in the cherished remembrance that once upon a *Midnight Frolic* they had been Ziegfeld Girls; and an abiding influence on the evolution of the musical-comedy stage.

Although usually a gracious man, Ziegfeld was aloof, vain, preoccupied, and so dour much of the time that he was known as "Gloomy Gus." His rather forbidding appearance did not help matters, either. He had a beak-shaped nose, thin lips, searching eyes, and slick white hair parted in the middle like a Prussian officer's. His highpitched, nasal voice only added to the general impression of a cold, inaccessible man.

Billie Burke, who was married to him for 18 years, has confided that even she was not always able to penetrate his chilly reserve. "The trouble with you, Billie," he remarked after she had taxed him with a real or fancied transgression, "is that when you accuse me, you always pick the wrong girl!"

Despite his innate reserve, however, Ziegfeld had a flair for the spectacular that was unrivaled. When he went hunting in Canada, he hired not one but five Indian guides. When he fished off the Florida Keys, he was not content until he had retained the services of six advisers. And on one of his trips to Europe, Ziegfeld brought along his own supply of dairy products because he was skeptical of those provided by the steamship line.

This same prodigality was evident in the gifts he lavished upon his daughter, Patricia. Spurning such pets as dogs, cats and canaries as being too conventional for any child of his, he presented her with tiger cubs, monkeys and cockatoos. When he subsequently bought her a grape arbor in which she could romp, he also commissioned a fashionable couturier to create ensembles to go with it.

But it was only when he settled down to producing a show that Ziegfeld managed to hit his real stride as a splurger. He used to insist, for example, that gowns for his show girls be lined with fantastically expensive material.

Veronica, his costume designer, once protested that this represented sheer waste, since no one in the audience could possibly detect one grade of lining from another. "No, you're wrong," he said in his squeaky voice. "People always can sense fine quality—even when they can't see it!"

This obsessive dread of anything less than the best drove Ziegfeld to specify that lackeys' uniforms in Louis the IVth be made of 14-karat gold cloth, and to squander some \$150,000 because of a whimsical notion that Marilyn Miller should wear a new \$175 ballet dress at every performance of Sally.

Although Ziegfeld's mania for phoning and wiring has been widely publicized, there is no evidence to support the rumors that he would send a telegram to someone sitting across a room rather than going over and talking to him. On the other hand, Eddie Cantor delights in relating an incident that took place during Ziegfeld's visit to Hol-

lywood to assist in filming Whoopee.

Although he occupied an office separated by only a courtyard from the office of William Anthony McGuire, one of the writers, Ziegfeld invariably sent McGuire a telegram when he had suggestions to offer. One day, the writer resolved to point up this folly.

After lunch, Ziegfeld appeared at his window. "Say, Bill," he called, "didn't you get my wire?"

"Yes," said the writer. "I sent you a reply by wire, Ziggy."

At that moment, a messenger appeared in the producer's office with the telegram. Ziegfeld ripped it open, then looked out the window. "Bill," he called, "you don't understand the situation at all. I'll wire you in detail about it."

Cantor himself received a staggering number of telegrams during his long relationship with Ziegfeld. One evening, during the run of *Kid Boots*, he was handed a 12-page wire, crammed with so many suggestions and criticisms that he was too bewildered to wire more than a simple "Yes" in reply.

Ziegfeld promptly sent a telegram reading, "Yes what?" By now, Cantor was beginning to appreciate the situation, and he replied, "Yes, sir."

But Ziegfeld was not one to be silenced by flippancy. "What do you mean 'Yes, sir?" he wired. "Do you mean 'Yes, sir, you'll take out the song' or 'Yes, sir, you will put in the line' or 'Yes, sir, you will fix that scene'?"

To this, Cantor replied "No, sir"
—a terse message which somehow
effectively silenced the producer.

FLORENZ ZIEGFELD was born in 1869 in Chicago, where his father, a graduate of the Leipzig Conservatory, was head of the Chicago Musical College.

As he grew up, he showed little aesthetic inclination and his only association with the Musical College consisted of three years he worked there as bookkeeper. He was a good deal more concerned with putting on amateur theatricals and dreaming of the time when he would be a professional producer.

In 1893, with the Chicago World's Fair imminent, Dr. Ziegfeld leased an idle armory, renamed it the Trocadero, and turned it



into an auditorium where he could present daily concerts of semiclassical music. To endow the project with the proper Continental schmaltz, he sent his son to Europe to round up suitable talent.

The attractions that Florenz, Jr., brought back—some Russian singers, a Hungarian string orchestra and a British dancer—had, however, neither *schmaltz* nor what is known in show business as boxoffice. Far from being downcast, though, the young man blithely borrowed \$5,000 and took off for New York.

When he returned, he had in tow a set of rippling muscles known as Sandow, "The World's Strongest Man." The strong man might have occasioned no more of a stir in Chicago than he had in Manhattan, however, had it not been for a shrewd bit of promotion. Deciding to put his friendship with certain society matrons to profitable purpose, Ziegfeld invited several such irreproachable ladies as Mrs. Potter Palmer to attend the opening performance and afterwards to drop backstage and run their patrician finger tips along Sandow's sinews.

The resultant squeals of blueblooded delight were promptly converted into such persuasive newspaper copy that business at the Trocadero spurted from \$2,000 to \$28,000 a week. When women throughout the rest of the country began to beg for a chance to share Mrs. Palmer's thrill, Ziegfeld made the ceremony a feature of all Sandow's subsequent appearances, with the result that he and his client turned a handsome profit everywhere they went.

After this triumphal tour, Zieg-

feld returned to Europe in search of further talent. One evening in London, he attended a variety show at the Princess Theater, and what he saw there was to shape his theatrical destiny.

Up on the vast stage, a wisp of a girl with eyes that were later to be celebrated as "naughty" was singing in a beguiling French accent. The fact that she was actually the daughter of a Warsaw glovemaker and had come to London to be a chorus girl did not matter.

For all practical purposes, she was the quintessence of Parisian vivacity. Her name was Anna Held, and in less than a year it was to appear on page one of almost every American newspaper.

This was not so easy a matter as is generally believed. In the first place, Miss Held was not an accomplished singer, even in the popular idiom. On the opening night of her first American engagement—a revival of a musical called A Parlor Match—she was accorded only mild applause after she had sung two choruses of her subsequently famed Won't You Come and Play Wiz Me.

Only her brilliant stage presence saved her from coming to the end of her American career then and there. But with a stroke of showmanship that must have made even Ziegfeld smile, she turned and addressed the lyric of the third chorus to a comic who happened to be part of the ensemble. His coy responses helped to endow the number with a pertinence that the audience found bewitching.

Made into a personal appeal, Won't You Come and Play Wiz Me became an immediate sensation, and all over the theater people began to shout "Yes, yes" each time Miss Held extended the invitation. From that night onward, Anna was on her way to becoming the Belle of Broadway. It wasn't until October 9, 1896, however, that she established herself as a household name throughout the country.

That day, Miss Held was served with a summons for nonpayment of a milk bill. What made it something more than routine was the fact that the bill was for daily delivery of 40 gallons to Miss Held's suite at the Hotel Marlborough. When she explained to reporters who called that she used the milk to bathe in, one of the most ingenious publicity stunts in history had been carried off with fantastic success.

Although Ziegfeld is usually credited with the idea, some people say it was actually devised by Max Marcin, a newspaperman whom Ziegfeld paid \$250 to get Miss Held a publicity break. Having plotted the milk-bath stratagem, Marcin realized that if he were to call attention to it, the papers would smell a rat. He therefore allowed news of the impending suit to appear in routine legal reports.

The newspapers fell into the trap, rushed to question Miss Held, and gave the story enormous space. Flo Ziegfeld had glorified his first girl. And in 1897 he married her.

The various histories of the American theater bear testimony to the fact that Miss Held subsequently appeared in such diverting froth as The French Maid, The Pink Lady and The Parisian Model, a show which was made memorable by her impish rendition of I Just Can't Make My Eyes Behave. As for her



domestic affairs, it is a matter of record that her impatience with her husband's stony silences and roving eye led her to divorce him in 1913; and that she died five years later, calling pitifully (if one is to accept Luise Rainer's teary impersonation in the film *The Great Zieg feld*) for her Flo.

What seems to have been overlooked is that Miss Held's importance, although considerable as an actress, lay in her influence on Ziegfeld's career. It was she who prevailed upon him to use beautiful girls as the feature of a Continentaltype revue—a radical departure from the static patterns then in vogue in America.

O'N THE NIGHT OF July 9, 1907, New York witnessed the first in a series of enterprises which were eventually to make such expressions as "An American Institution" and "Glorifying the American Girl" part of the national language. It was known as The Follies of 1907.

A few months earlier, Ziegfeld, in his capacity as manager of Jardin de Paris—a roof garden atop the New York Theater—had begun putting on a weekly vaudeville program. W. C. Fields was one of the performers on the first bill. By July, Ziegfeld had managed to familiarize himself with many of the

basic ingredients which he was to incorporate into his new show.

The Follies of 1907, which showed a net profit of \$120,000 by the time it had completed its New York engagement and a tour of Eastern cities, was essentially a topical revue. Then, as the years went on, The Follies became a glamorous and indispensable facet of American recreation.

In those glittering years, no one could claim to have seen New York unless he had taken in *The Follies*. They were described by various press agents as sumptuous, gorgeous, luxurious, magnificent, dazzling, elegant, radiant, beauteous, resplendent, glossy and superb. And the really remarkable thing was that the press agents were not fabricating. Even a partial list of those who appeared in one edition or another reads like an *Almanach de Gotha* of the musical stage.

Fields, Cantor, Nora Bayes, Ed Wynn, Vernon and Irene Castle, Bert Lahr, Mary Hay, Belle Baker, Fanny Brice, John Steele, Sophie Tucker, Raymond Hitchcock and Ann Pennington were a few of them. And it was in *The Follies* that Gilda Gray did the shimmy, that Will Rogers twirled his lariat and delivered homespun observations on the state of the Union, and that Shean said, "Positively, Mr. Gallagher" and Gallagher replied, "Absolutely, Mr. Shean."

But primarily the Follies were known for tall, handsome girls. Nowhere in show business has there ever been anything to compare with the glamorous bevy that included, among many, Jessie Reed, Olive Thomas, Lillian Lorraine, Peggy Hopkins Joyce, Justine Johnston, Marion Davies, Lilyan Tashman, Peggy Fears, Gladys Glad, Paulette Goddard, Mae Murray, Billie Dove, Jean Ackerman, Hazel Forbes and Dorothy Mackaill.

In the course of all this, it was not unexpected that Ziegfeld should come to be looked upon as the world's foremost authority on feminine beauty. It was a distinction which he was not disposed to dispute and, being a genius at self-publicity, he did his utmost to keep people informed of his views.

In May, 1932, Ziegfeld issued a list of the ten most beautiful women he had ever seen—a list which even today retains more than mere academic interest.

He chose "Billie Burke, because of her hair, her eyes, her vitality, and her speaking voice; Joan Crawford, because of her personality; Marion Davies, because of her perfect figure and teeth; Sally Eilers, because of her magnetism; Greta Garbo, because he'd like to have her for a show girl; Gladys Glad, because she is the most beautiful blonde; Jean Harlow, because of her unique hair; Evelyn Laye, because hers is a dignified type of English beauty; Elissa Landi, because of her womanliness; and Grace Moore, because of her great dignity."

It is not surprising that Miss Burke should occupy so prominent a position, since it seems reasonable to believe that Ziegfeld loved her devotedly from the instant he was introduced to her at a party on New Year's Eve, 1913, to the time of his death.

At the time, Miss Burke, a lovely, titian-haired girl, was an ingenue of such promise that her producer, Charles Frohman, had stipulated in her contract that she must remain unmarried for at least five years. For her part, she made a diligent effort to observe this agreement, but in the end she found herself unable to withstand Ziegfeld's charm any longer.

Detectives hired by Frohman trailed the couple everywhere, even hovering near-by while the two huddled in the shadow of Grant's Tomb. On April 11, 1914, Miss Burke and Ziegfeld drove to Hoboken and were married by a justice of the peace. Their only child was born a little more than a year later.

Notwithstanding Miss Burke's occasional displays of temperament over her husband's attentiveness to such beauties as Olive Thomas and Marilyn Miller, she lived with him for 18 years without once seriously considering divorce. Even his insatiable lust for publicity failed to ruffle matters, for she was an understanding wife who realized that he could not control his vanity.

Yet for all his love of seeing his name in print, Ziegfeld was no charlatan, but a brilliant and tireless showman. The portrait of him as an irresponsible and aging playboy - complete to raccoon coat, Rolls Royce and a \$5,000-a-month grocery bill — is faithful, but far from complete. Beneath everything else, Florenz Ziegfeld was a man whose only goal was to produce musical shows of matchless beauty and humor.

When, for instance, it was called to his attention that Jolson, a Shubert star, was the only top-flight performer who had not worked for him, he decided the situation must be remedied immediately. Aware that Jolson was going to marry Ruby Keeler, he inaugurated his campaign by signing her for the lead in his forthcoming Show Girl.

This accomplished, he invited Jolson to dinner, where he remarked casually that he was concerned over Miss Keeler's possible lack of confidence in her first important role. Then, by way of an aside, he observed that Jolson's presence on opening night was the one thing that could dispel her nervousness. What might be even better, he went on dreamily, would be for Jolson to sing to her from the orchestra pit.

The bait, of course, was irresistible, and on the night that Show Girl opened in Boston, Jolson posted himself at the back of the house and waited. Then, as the orchestra swung into the third chorus of Liza, he spurted to the footlights, where he began to declaim the lyric (with "Ruby" substituted for

"Liza") to Miss Keeler.

It caused such an ovation that Jolson continued to do it for a good many subsequent performances. As for Ziegfeld, he not only had succeeded in getting Jolson to work for him, but had done so without spending a penny in salary.

But for all the abundant talents that contributed to Ziegfeld's shows -for all the Marilyn Millers and Ben Ali Haggins and Jack Donahues, for all the sketches by Ring Lardner and the songs by Irving Berlin and the librettos by Oscar Hammerstein II—it was Ziegfeld himself who was solely responsible for the finished products.

"A Ziegfeld show," according to J. P. McEvoy, who wrote several of them, "was always a Ziegfeld

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show. It didn't matter who wrote it, who composed it, who designed it, who danced in it, who sang in it, who acted in it. Ziegfeld swallowed them all!"

Somehow, Ziegfeld managed to achieve magic without raising his voice. There is no confirmed case, for example, of his ever having shouted at a clumsy chorus girl. Yet oddly enough, even the comedians to whom he paid fabulous salaries failed to entertain him.

Once, when an opening-night audience roared at a sketch which Ziegfeld had wanted to eliminate from the show, McEvoy, author of the skit, turned to him in the back

of the theater.

"See, I was right," McEvoy said gleefully. "I told you it was funny. Isn't the audience howling?"

"Yeah," said Ziegfeld, "but they

don't mean it."

Pessimism, indeed, was one of Ziegfeld's more obvious characteristics. Once, when he had three assured hits about to open on Broadway, he wired McGuire that he had three flops on his hands.

"Please," McGuire replied by return wire, "accept my condolences in this your darkest hour of success."

When death came to Ziegfeld on the night of July 23, 1932, most of his glory had already fled. The Rio Ritas and Whoopees and Sallys and Follies and all the other miracles were far behind him, and only Show Boat was enriching the Manhattan dark. A series of expensive flops had reduced Ziegfeld to poverty, but it was a mark of his stubbornness that he refused to think of himself as anything but "The Great Ziegfeld."

Only the winter before, he had fallen so deeply into debt that the management of the luxurious theater which still bears his name had turned off the heat. Yet day after day he went to his bleak office to plan a future he was never to know.

Even then, there was a splendor about him. For, sitting at his desk in the barren office and breathing on his fingers to keep them warm, The Great Glorifier wore a beautiful beaver-lined overcoat.

Two of a Kind

As I am a musician, I work quite late into the night. Upon arriving home at 2 a.m. after playing an engagement, I found my cocker-spaniel puppy had not only eaten the dinner left for her, but had taken a bite or two of her plastic food plate! She was an awfully sick pup. I called a taxi and rushed to the dog hospital.

It took at least a half hour to arouse the night man, who pre-



scribed a cure, then we took the same cab home, as I had told the driver to wait. The entire episode had taken two hours. Almost gratefully, I asked the cabby how much I owed.

"Mac," he said, "anyone that has a heart big enough to take a sick dog out at 2 in the morning is my pal. The ride is

He wouldn't even take the tip
I offered him. —SID REINHERZ



Here is proof that faith, hope and charity are still a source of human inspiration

Browsing in one of our local bookstores, I watched a freckle-faced ten-year-old leaf through a brightly illustrated copy of *Treasure Island*. It was obvious that the change in his pocket wouldn't pay for it. Yet he couldn't bear to walk away from it.

The young woman clerk approached him and asked gently, "Would you read and take good care of that book if you owned it?"

The freckled face nodded in sur-

prised delight.

"Then just tell me your name, how old you are, and where you live." She jotted this information down. "Now, promise me you won't tell the other boys and girls how you got your book, and give this slip of paper to your mother."

When the boy had left, clutching his prize, the clerk answered the questioning look on my face.

"I'm not as bad a businesswoman as you think," she said. "That book was paid for before it was even selected. A certain man gives us self-addressed envelopes containing two pieces of paper. On one—the one I gave the little boy—he has written, 'This book was paid for by the Children's Book Friend.' On the other, I put the boy's name, address and age, place it back in

the envelope and return it to the man. Our bill is always paid immediately. But he made us promise never to reveal his name. He asks only that all children have the chance to own and read good books."

Whenever I am tempted to feel as though the world were against me, all I have to do to become thankful for my blessings is to go to my dresser drawer and take out the little blue cardboard box containing those two pairs of tiny bootees—one pink and one blue—and remind myself that I possess the richest blessing one can have—a kind and understanding husband.

For these tiny bootees do not remind me so much of our loss three years ago as they do of the morning my husband came into the hospital room, just after I'd been told the baby had not lived.

Gently, tenderly, he told me: "I've known for the past two weeks that they wouldn't be able to save it, darling."

"But those bootees you brought me day before yesterday!" I cried weakly. "If you knew—"

And the light that was never on

land or sea was in his tear-filled eyes as he replied: "I had to keep you hoping, darling. For the past three months the doctor said that was the one thing that would save your life."

—Pressis Branson

A YEAR AGO I WAS crossing Iowa by train. It was July, and for one 200-mile stretch I noticed gorgeous masses of hollyhocks that lined the right of way. On questioning the conductor about this strange sight, I was told that the railroad once had a conductor who had scattered the seeds along the tracks. Those enchanting, growing spires were the results.

"Since Jim died," he went on, "I've been a disciple of Johnny Appleseed. In my coat pockets I usually carry a handful of nuts or fruit-pits and an envelope or two of perennial flower seeds. Most of them I gather on walks in autumn. I have a patch of beach plum and pitch pine along the New England shore; sea grapes in Florida, and peaches and creamy-bellied yucca almost everywhere. It's a lot of fun, spreading beauty for others to enjoy."

EVERY YOUNG GIRL dreams of having a lovely church wedding with bridesmaids and flower girls, and a church full of relatives and friends to wish her well on this her happiest day. Such a dream was about to come true for a young girl in San Francisco. Everything was in readiness. All that remained to be done was the sending out of the invitations.

But that was the one cloud that

hung over Lucille's rosy dream. Whom could she invite? Both she and her groom-to-be had recently come to the West Coast, and all their relatives were still in the East. She knew there was little chance of their making that long a trip just for her wedding. And the few friends she had made since coming West were to be in the bridal party. So she discussed the problem with her mother, and they decided on a plan. The next morning this advertisement appeared in the San Francisco Examiner:

Please, won't you come to a lovely wedding Saturday the 27th at 10 A.M. Our Lady of Victory church, 566 Bush St. S.F. Bride and groom are 3,000 miles away from relatives and friends. Bride will be brokenhearted if she has an empty church. So why not come?

Well, they came all right. When the bride and groom arrived at the church, there were about 100 persons waiting. By the time the ceremony got under way, the church was just about full. When the ceremony was over, some of the invited guests threw rice at the happy couple; some had even brought gifts. And I imagine that the bride felt pretty happy when she saw the smiling faces of these new-found friends as she walked up the aisle, even though they were "perfect -MRS. W. M. KUHLMAN strangers."

Coronet invites its readers to contribute true stories or anecdotes to "Silver Linings." For each item accepted, we will pay \$50, upon publication. All contributions must be type-written, and none can be acknowledged or returned. Please address: "Silver Linings," Coronet Magazine, 366 Madison Avenue, New York 17, New York.



The Red Warrior Who Licked Custer

by WESSEL SMITTER

Here is the little-known story of Crazy Horse, a genius who outfought an Army unit

THE BIGGEST NEWS of the year 1876 was the Custer Massacre on the banks of the Little Big Horn in Montana. Custer, golden-haired glamour boy of the U. S. Army, was dead, along with 264 troopers of the famous Seventh Cavalry.

The papers praised the dashing young cavalry officer for his gallant stand against "overwhelming" odds. News dispatches spoke about Sitting Bull, nominally the chief of the Sioux. Yet scarcely anyone mentioned Crazy Horse, the brilliant warrior who outfought, outgeneraled and outsmarted Custer and his beloved cavalry.

Even today, the story of Crazy Horse is mostly a matter of footnotes in obscure history books and old letters. It was 1865 when he first came to notice at the battle of Fort Phil Kearny, two years before Custer appeared on the Western scene. In this fight, there was nothing new in the strategy used by the Indians to annihilate the impetuous Army troopers. It was the old story of the fox-and-goose chase; of the too-eager whites; of the Indians simulating flight and turning to swoop on the enemy when conditions were right.

But there was something new in the ferocity with which the Indians, fighting mostly with bows and arrows and clubs, drove home the attack. That something new was added by the brilliant, 21-year-old Sioux warrior, Crazy Horse, fighting under Red Cloud.

After the first Kearny massacre

came the Wagon Box fight. It was hardly more than a skirmish, but it taught Crazy Horse that bows and arrows were no match for Springfield rifles, and that for him and his warriors a collection of breechloaders was far more important than a handful of scalps.

The first transcontinental railroad was now being put through. Buffalo were becoming scarce, and Crazy Horse must have realized that the Indians were fighting for a way of life completely at variance with living on a U. S. reservation and suffering the stigma of being called "agency Indians."

The issue became clear when the Government sent an ultimatum in December, 1875, ordering the Northern tribes to come into the reservations. The deadline was the last day of January, when travel was all but impossible.

It was bitter cold, and Crazy Horse and his tribes were camped in a sheltered valley on the Powder River. It was no weather to move women and children through snow and sub-zero temperatures. Crazy Horse refused to budge, and Colonel Reynolds was sent to burn the village and bring the Indians in.

There was plenty of resistance. For the Indians, half the battle consisted in protecting their women and children against the cold. Reynolds succeeded in destroying the village, but after that he took a drubbing. He took another drubbing when he was court-martialed for ordering a retreat which left the dead and wounded in the hands of the Indians.

On May 26, General Crook with 1,300 crack troopers set out to do what Reynolds had failed to accomplish. On the 17th of June came the battle of the Rosebud. Crook was badly mauled, and pulled out of the fight to lick his wounds.

That clash may well have determined the outcome of the fight on the Little Big Horn. On destiny's calendar there were only eight more days to be marked off against Custer. The General was already camped on the Yellowstone, writing endless letters to his wife and whipping his men into shape.

At least six tribes were gathered on the stream flowing through the grassy valley of the Little Big Horn. They were waiting for Crazy Horse and his warriors. Crook, too, was expected to join the fight. Crazy Horse moved, but Crook failed to march. Historians call it fate, but fate is often on the side of a good loser.

General Terry, senior officer at the Little Big Horn, considered



Custer a great scout and a brilliant Indian fighter, although Custer had never set foot on the Great Plains until after the Civil War. His only significant battle was a victory over Black Kettle on the Washita, in what is now Oklahoma.

This was no glory haul for the fame-seeking general. The number of women and children killed was almost as great as the number of men. Custer made no reconnaissance before attacking the village: he went into battle blindly, with men and horses tired after a

long march.

In the eight years that followed, Custer appears to have learned little. In his fight with Crazy Horse, the General duplicated his earlier mistakes, added half a dozen others. He attacked without knowing the enemy's strength; he divided his troops in the face of an unknown hazard; he rejected an opportunity to bring along three Gatling guns; he drove men and horses to the point of exhaustion before attacking; he separated himself from his pack train; and, worst of all, he failed to reckon with a brilliant opponent whose genius far outshone his own.

Both sides knew that this would be a fight between mounted men. The terrain was rough mountain country, covered with vegetation. This brush added a new condition to an old environment that was to test the intelligence of both leaders.

Custer rode into the fight as though there were nothing before or behind but open brushless plains. Crazy Horse had no cavalry manual, but he had learned from the Powder River fight, and had picked up an idea on the Rosebud. There, when the fighting waxed hot, he had observed the U. S. troopers dismount. One man in a squad of four held the horses, while his comrades threw lead.

Before the battle, Crazy Horse ordered each of his warriors to carry a 30-foot lariat. "Shoot for the soldier holding the horses," he said. "In that way the victory will

be won for the Indians."

In that way the victory was snatched from Custer. When the smoke of the Springfields lay like a shroud about Custer and his troopers, the Indians dismounted. The long lariats enabled them to keep out of sight in the brush-covered canyons and yet retain their mounts. And they shot for the heads of the soldiers holding the horses.

When these men dropped, the animals stampeded, taking with them the extra ammunition. This explains the last urgent message scribbled



by the nervous fingers of the man who had only seconds to live.

"Bring packs," he wrote to the officer in charge of the missing supply train. "Hurry! Packs!"

Custer's death aroused the nation to what appeared to be a major disaster. Regiments were strengthened; Gatling guns and artillery were dragged into the mountains. The Indians scattered like quail, but this time there was no cover, and always there were children crying for food. Always, too, there were promises of the Government agents.

Sitting Bull sought refuge in Canada, but Crazy Horse, having been promised immunity, gave himself up for the sake of the hunted women and children. Toward the end of April in 1877, he rode into the Red Cloud Agency, accompanied by his aged parents and

2,000 of his followers.

All weapons were taken from the Sioux leader. He was given freedom of movement on the reservation, but was watched night and day. Resentment ran high, and time and again he must have heard the muttered words, "There goes the man who killed Custer!"

Things came to a head when Crazy Horse tried to get medical aid for his young bride in a neighboring reservation. He was brought back and led to the reservation jail. At the doorway, Crazy Horse resisted his jailers and there was a sharp clash. The Indian was brought to the ground. An officer shouted, "Kill him!"—and a soldier drove home a bayonet.

The dying chief was placed on the floor in the adjutant's office. The father came and said, "Son,

I am here."

The son answered: "I am bad hurt. It is of no use. Tell the people I have done what I could." At

midnight he died.

As a mark of respect, the military offered the parents an Army ambulance for the burial, but it was refused. Wrapped in blankets, the son's body was laid on a pony-drag, and with the aged parents riding one on either side, the simple procession moved off into the prairies.

Today, Custer's grave is a shrine of public worship. A monument marks the place of his death and the grass outside the iron fence is worn to a ribbon of bare earth. But no stick or stone designates the burial spot of Crazy Horse, and no man knows to this day where the bones of this brilliant warrior rest in long peace.

Payment in Advance



S peaking of her son, a mother told a psychologist: "We are very care-

ful about discipline. At first, when Claude did anything wrong, we corrected him in front of everyone. But he seemed resentful, so when he did something wrong, I would say to him, 'We'll discuss this later,' and when we got home we punished him.

"This seemed to make him nervous, so now we have a better solution: we always punish him before we go anywhere!"

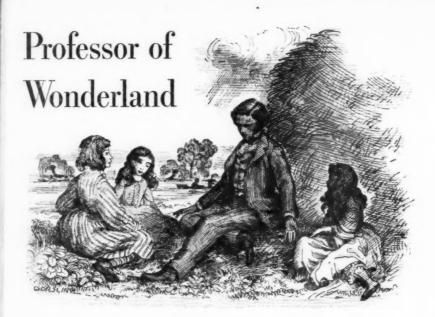
-H. C. L. JACKSON

Test your Nonsense

Two and two doesn't always make four, and this quiz won't always give you the answers you expect. Nonsense is the catchword here. If you can answer more than 15 of these zany questions correctly, you are entitled to wear the jester's cap and bells. Take a deep breath and begin at the first question. The answers are on page 124.



- 1. What belongs to a well-made shoe?
- 2. In what case is two times two six?
- 3. With what does night start?
- 4. How do you write blue with red ink?
- 5. What word will be shorter when you add a syllable to it?
- 6. To what question can you never give the answer "yes"?
- 7. Which candles burn longer—those of tallow or wax?
- 8. When can you hold water in a sieve?
- 9. Where is a child going on his sixth birthday?
- 10. What is entirely your own but more used by others?
- 11. What escapes from you without feet and never does return?
- 12. Which cents do bankers love most?
- 13. Which of these is correct: 7 x 18 is 136 or are 136?
- 14. How much does the moon weigh?
- 15. Do you say: "The Amazon disembogues or flows into the Pacific?"
- 16. Of three asses in one stable which is the most clever one?
- 17. A father's child, a mother's child and yet nobody's son. What is it?
- 18. How many eggs could Goliath eat on an empty stomach?
- 19. What's the difference between a \$5 bill and a 5-cent stamp?
- 20. What age can you never approach?
- 21. When is the miller in his mill without his head?
- 22. What do you eat at breakfast but drink at dinner?
- 23. What lies between every mountain and valley?
- 24. Where do rivers have no water?
- 25. What kind of neck may you break without punishment?



by CAROL LYNN GILMER

Charles Dodgson wrote many scholarly tomes, but his gay nonsense made him immortal

ONE DAY ABOUT MIDWAY in the last century, a handsomely bound copy of a new children's book, Alice's Adventures in Wonderland, was presented to Queen Victoria's youngest daughter, the small Princess Beatrice. It came with the compliments of the author, Lewis Carroll, a name virtually unknown in British literary circles.

The Princess, however, was enchanted with the gay nonsense, the bright fantasy, the sunny warmth of the book, and her distinguished mother was no less enthusiastic. In fact, the Queen was so delighted she asked that copies of the author's other works be sent to her. To her amazement, she received a collection of scholarly treatises on alge-

bra, geometry and trigonometry! Thus it was that Queen Victoria learned of one of the greatest curiosities of literary history. For the man who, as Lewis Carroll, has given hours of happiness to many generations of young readers, was in private life Charles Lutwidge Dodgson, a grave and learned professor of mathematics at Oxford University.

Even today, it is hard to believe that the creator of the pompous White Rabbit, the tearful Mock Turtle and the mad Mad Hatter could also have produced such works as An Elementary Treatise on Determinants. But the thought of the serious professor as a fanciful storyteller did not surprise his best

friends—the children for whom he wrote. And only in their company did Charles Dodgson become Lewis Carroll.

The contrast between these two personalities was startling. The shy, formal bachelor who taught at Oxford in no way resembled the gay, lighthearted individual who originated the *Alice* stories. Dodgson was precise, almost to the point of eccentricity, in routine activities. For example, if he were going on a train trip, he would calculate to the last penny each item of expense and arrange to have the exact change for every tip, cab fare and meal.

Lewis Carroll, on the other hand, loved to take long, meandering walks accompanied by several young charges—never giving a thought to where the next turn in the road might lead; stopping at a bakery shop to buy sweets; visiting a toy store to purchase trinkets for his small companions.

Dodgson suffered great embarrassment because of a speech impediment which caused him to stammer when conversing with adults. But Carroll could talk easily for hours on end, spinning fantasy with his gentle voice for the amusement of his young friends.

Perhaps the first children to discover the Lewis Carroll who could tell such wonderful stories were Dodgson's small brothers and sisters. The son of a clergyman, he was the oldest of 11 children, and though, even as a boy, he was scholarly and serious, he would gather his brothers and sisters around and amuse them with improbable stories and impromptu bits of humorous verse. But it remained for a little girl named Alice

Liddell to introduce Lewis Carroll to the world—it was she who inspired the immortal Alice of the books.

It started on a July afternoon in 1862, when Dodgson invited the three young daughters of Henry G. Liddell, dean of Christ Church College at Oxford, to go on a picnic with him. They took a rowboat and glided slowly up the quiet Thames. Then, seeking relief from the hot sun, they pulled the craft into a peaceful cove and took refuge in the shade of a hayrick. Soon the children asked for a story.

Dark-haired, elfin-faced little Alice had always been Dodgson's favorite of the three sisters—perhaps because her lilting, imaginative nature matched that of Lewis Carroll. Now she smiled in anticipation of another of his magic tales and added one special requirement:

"Make sure," she said, "there's some nonsense in it."

No sooner was the admonition given than the storybook Alice and all her friends seemed to pop unbidden into Lewis Carroll's mind. This was the magic moment: and the story that has since delighted countless children began. All that afternoon he held the little girls spellbound. Then other afternoons followed, for Alice Liddell and her sisters could not hear enough of Carroll's fascinating Wonderland.

Soon, the real Alice was begging that the story be written for her to keep. Thus, the imaginary Alice's adventures found their way onto paper — printed with painstaking care by the young professor's own hand and illustrated with his own drawings. It was his gift to the little girl who had inspired the tales.

The rest is history. One of Dodg-

e

son's writer-friends saw a copy of the manuscript and urged that it be submitted to a publisher. Lewis Carroll (he had selected this pen name for his "nonsense" writings) took his story to London, where it was immediately accepted. On July 4, 1865, Lewis Carroll presented the first printed copy of Alice's Adventures to Alice Liddel.

The book was an instant success; edition after edition was demanded by the public. A few years later, Carroll wrote another Alice book, Through the Looking Glass, which proved just as popular as the first.

Yet while Lewis Carroll was becoming richer and winning greater renown each year, Charles Dodgson, the scholarly mathematician, went his untroubled way. He continued to live in the modest suite he had always occupied at Oxford. He continued to pursue mathematical truths and to set down his findings in learned dissertations. He grew older and wiser and even a little more serious than he had always been. And finally, one day in January, 1898, Charles Dodgson died.

It is here, perhaps, that the distinction between Charles Dodgson and Lewis Carroll is most marked. For Carroll never aged. His delight in the companionship of children remained with him to the end—long after the real Alice had grown up and married. And his store of new stories and poems for children was inexhaustible.

Today, when the quiet old professor named Dodgson is almost forgotten, Lewis Carroll lives on—his memory immortalized in the hearts of each new generation of boys and girls all over the world.

Answers to Coronet Quick Quizzes

Watch Your Hat (Quiz on page 71)

1. Tyrolean; 2. Torero; 3. Baker; 4. Basque peasant; 5. Scotch-Highlander; 6. Coolie; 7. Cossack; 8. Fox hunter; 9. Cardinal; 10. University professor; 11. Hindu; 12. Skipper; 13. Cowboy; 14. Deer hunter; 15. French sailor; 16. Bellhop; 17. African explorer; 18. Priest; 19. West Point cadet; 20. Miner; 21. Skier.

Test Your Nonsense (Quiz on page 121)

1. A second shoe; 2. In no case; 3. The letter "N"; 4. Write b-l-u-e; 5. Short; 6. "Are you asleep?"; 7. Both burn shorter; 8. When it is frozen; 9. On to his seventh birthday; 10. Your name; 11. Time; 12. The per-cents; 13. Neither—it is 126; 14. One pound (it has four quarters); 15. It flows into the Allantic; 16. The smallest—the others are greater asses; 17. A daughter; 18. One—after that his stomach was no longer empty; 19. \$4.95; 20. The mirage; 21. When he sticks his head out the window; 22. A toast; 23. The word "and"; 24. On the map; 25. The bottleneck.

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OUR ARCTIC NEIGHBORS

Beyond the arctic rim of civilization, a barren, twilight land curves down to polar seas. Here, the Eskimos—nomads of the snow

—live and flourish. In these photographs is told the dramatic story of the Far North—both a frontier and a homeland.



More than 2,000 years ago, a primitive people found good hunting along North America's rugged coast. Today, nearly 25,000 descendants of the first Eskimos still live on these icy shores.



A people of quick laughter, they meet hardship and privation with a calm faith in fellowship. For, in a harsh land where no man has much, what little he has is always ungrudgingly shared.



The igloo is the miracle of the North. Standing on a chosen site of snow, an Eskimo knife-architect can swiftly erect a home that is warm, wind-proof and ample for his family's simple needs.



On the bleak, blizzard-raked islands of Canada's eastern arctic, igloos are lost amid trackless wastes. White men are seldom seen, and the outside world is only a fantastic dream.



Summer means a three-month wait under tents of skin or canvas. Then, when winter blasts again strike the tundra, traps are set, sleds repaired, and the Eskimo world bursts joyously into new life.

of

m,



Eskimo customs are ceremonious. Every visitor must distribute gifts, however small, to his hosts. And though the Kabloona's handshake has been adopted, rubbing noses is still the warmest gesture.



Children, first glimpsing the world from the hood of their mother's parka, dream age-old dreams. A doll fashioned of whalebone and seal-skin, a toy harpoon—these are passports to delight.



A mighty hunter must be modest. "The seals are scarce. The ice is wrong. It is cold. Besides, I am not a good hunter anymore. I am too old to catch seals." A pause. "But I got three."



The ever-present specter of starvation haunts the barrens. Every youth must be a hunter, acquiring amid the plenty of brief summers the skill and wisdom that may one day save his family.



An Eskimo's sled and dogs encompass his entire worldly wealth. Aboard is every vital need to sustain life and provide comfort on long treks between settlements, or in search of hunting grounds.



Following the tide of seasons, the Eskimo moves through his far-flung domain with an assurance born of centuries of arctic lore. The failure of an expected food source may bring hunger and death.



Today, the once-remote arctic has become a strategic bridge between continents, and the Eskimo's homeland has become a frontier, caught up in the swift pace of the 20th Century.



The network of civilization has crept steadily northward. Mines are reaching into the rich earth. Planes and radio beams flash across polar skies as a people watch a rebirth of their land.



The days of fur empires have also ended. Today, modern trading posts, strictly controlled, are havens of good-fellowship and fair dealing. Some remote Eskimo families stock up only once a year.



In emergency, many vast northern areas are as unified as a small town. Radios speak, a plane takes off, and within hours an injured trapper or a sick child is safe in the doctor's hands.



Deeply concerned for the welfare and future of their northerly peoples, Canada and Alaska have brought free medical service, schools and other farsighted aids to distant outposts.



Yet, the character of this restless land will never change. The happy spirit of a people is as enduring as the radiant Northern Lights. Proud, smiling, they are free people of the snows.



Against the somber grandeur of the arctic night rise symbols of the Eskimo's changing world. Beneath the everlasting snows, the dead sleep quietly, with the blessing of a new God.



For the superstitions and fears of the past have given way to a growing faith. To hundreds of tiny pinpoints on the lonely face of the North, men of dedication have brought a Christian light.



These are the keepers of the top of the world. However far frontiers may penetrate, this will always be their homeland, where the challenge of survival is met again on each succeeding day.







Arizona's Teen-Age Bank

Its "youth loan" plan is helping enterprising youngsters get started in business

by AMOS TAUB

Farms, 16-year-old Freddy Eaton

spoke with shy pride.

"Yes, it was a nice proposition. The bank loaned us \$450 at eight per cent for six months. We bought five Hereford calves and set out to fatten them for meat. We paid off the loan in less than five months and made a profit of \$25, after deducting feed costs, interest and everything else. And we got some mighty valuable experience."

The two tousle-haired Eaton brothers—Freddy, a student at Tucson High, and 14-year-old Ronnie, attending junior high—had been the first recipients of a "Youth Loan" from the Southern Arizona Bank and Trust Company. The youth loan division was set up in 1947 to provide financial aid to enterprising youngsters.

Since the program was designed

as an educational venture, the bank's profits are nil. Regular interest rates prevail on all loans, but this income is placed in a separate fund. At the end of the year, the money is distributed among local youth organizations.

The reason for insisting on interest is to instill among youthful borrowers a practical understanding of the American system of business enterprise. Recipients of the loans become familiar with the ins and outs of earning profits through wise investment and hard work.

Does this educational plan succeed? The Eaton boys feel that it does. With their first banking transaction behind them, they plan to plant alfalfa near their home on the outskirts of Tucson, thus assuring inexpensive feed for future cattle-fattening operations.

Loans made by the bank are not

confined to farming activities. A young garage attendant wanted to buy a tow-car so that he could handle his own emergency repair calls. The youth loan division gave him its blessing—and a loan.

A local schoolboy, Oriol Armenta, puts in several hours every morning delivering the *Arizona Daily Star* to subscribers. The 16-year-old used to pedal his route. But even by rising at 5:30, he could only manage to earn \$16 a month—not enough for the ambitious, mechanical-minded youth.

He told the youth loan division that he wanted to buy a motor-scooter. The bank agreed to back his investment—provided he could double his income. Oriol could and did. Aided by a \$254 loan, he "mechanized" his route and increased his income to \$40 a month.

The man responsible for helping these enterprising youngsters is William L. Abernathy, head of the youth loan division and originator of the whole idea. When the new department was opened for business in December, 1947, local schools, churches and Y-groups were authorized to recommend applicants,

assuring some pre-screening for ambitious youths. But direct applications are also permissible.

The department accepts inquiries from juniors up to, but not including, 21. Thus far, the majority of applicants have been high-school and junior-high students. Surprisingly, no girls have yet sought capital for business ventures.

After an interview, the youngster's parents must agree to the undertaking. Moreover, a parent or guardian must cosign for the loan. In case of default, the cosigner would have to make good; but so far, hardly a borrower has fallen behind in payments.

The success of the Southern Arizona Bank's venture has stimulated other banks throughout the country to investigate the possibilities of similar departments. On another level, also, the program has succeeded. Far more than any formal educational plan, it has furthered an understanding of the free-enterprise system of American business. In giving a boost to enterprising youngsters, the bank feels that it is helping to develop our national leaders of tomorrow.

Conversation Stoppers

A TALL COWHAND wearing a ten-gallon hat was sauntering around in a large department store, and the salesgirl asked if she might help him. He replied: "No, ma'am, I reckon not. I've never seen so much I could do without."

The farm boy home from college for the week end said at the breakfast table: "Dad, I got up at dawn just to see the sun rise."
"You couldn't have picked a better time," replied Dad.

-Wisconsin Telephone News

A Million Greetings a Day



by DON EDDY

Hallmark, mammoth merchandiser of good cheer, has a card for every occasion

A FOREIGN JOURNALIST who recently visited Kansas City, Missouri, was introduced to Joyce C. Hall, America's most prolific publisher of greeting cards. Such cards, it was explained to the visitor, are expressions of friendship.

"And how would you define friendship?" he asked.

rriendship: ne asked.

Tall, loose-limbed, middle-aged Hall fidgeted shyly, and said he didn't rightly know.

"Out our way," he remarked dryly in the exaggerated Midwestern drawl he adopts at strategic moments, "folks don't bother to define why they're friendly. They just are!"

In that simple philosophy lies the secret of an amazing success story. Merely by infusing greeting cards with spontaneous friendliness and adorning them with pleasant illustrations, ranging from comical animals to priceless Old Masters, Kansas City's fabulous Hall Brothers are building a wholesome idea into a national social custom. The Hallmark Company they founded without a dime almost four decades ago now spreads over nine major publishing plants in Missouri and Kansas, employs nearly 3,000 people and produces 1,000,000 cards every day to blanket the country with good cheer.

Hundreds of ambitious souls have attempted over the years to follow in their footsteps, but only a handful have succeeded. Most have failed because of the intricate problems involved in anticipating just what millions of people would like to say to their friends—if only they could find the words. The surviving publishers, however, have created

an industry which produces some 3,000,000,000 greeting cards annually, rings up an estimated \$200,000,000 in retail sales, and adds millions more to government postal revenues—all because people like to be friendly.

To forthright Joyce Hall, youngest of three brothers who came from a modest home in Nebraska, this achievement seems little less than miraculous, for he remembers vividly the struggling early years when failure was forever just

around the corner.

At 58, Hall is a rather solemnappearing man who manages to radiate friendliness. He has an unshakable conviction that most people are good, and that the oldfashioned virtues never go out of style. The record proves him to be an astute businessman with an uncanny ability to judge what the public will want next year. On the personal side, he is literally revered by his wife, two daughters and a son, and his small army of employees and associates.

Motorboats and fishing tackle, with which he is constantly tinkering, never quite get Hall's mind off his only real hobby—greeting cards. Mrs. Hall long ago became inured to having him hop from bed in the middle of the night to work out an idea. One of his greatest successes resulted from such a

midnight inspiration.

On that occasion he had taken home an armload of greeting-card ideas for inspection. Among them was a little cutout doll. In trying to improve it, he developed an idea which grew into 16 plume-hatted Hallmark Dolls from the Land of Make-Believe, mostly characters from Mother Goose, with the ageold but ever-new stories printed inside. Sales of these dolls, unlike any greeting cards ever seen before,

have been phenomenal.

Another all-night vigil recently produced still another new idea. Hall had spent the afternoon with his wife, who was temporarily hospitalized. They talked about the flowers friends had sent her, and remarked it was a shame they wouldn't last.

Alone at home that night, Hall thought of a solution—oversized greeting cards representing baskets of true-color flowers, made in easel form so they could be arranged like real flowers in a sickroom. They were an instant success.

Decisive action has been Joyce Hall's long suit since he was a boy in Nebraska. Two older brothers, Rollie and William, acquired a part interest in a stationery store and, at 10, Joyce went to work for them. Four years later, the trio bought a wholesale stock of fancy post cards and Joyce took to the road as a salesman.

By the time he was 17, he had saved \$3,500 and decided to try his luck in Kansas City. Rollie soon joined him, but it was some years before William went into the firm. At the outset, Joyce and Rollie plunged on postal cards, but soon they turned to the greeting variety for Christmas, Easter and similar holidays.

"There was something cheerful and friendly about them," Joyce recalls. And from that beginning, the brothers have overcome obstacles and setbacks until, today, the Hallmark line consists of 5,000 different cards for all occasions.

Most cards originally were unctuously Victorian or gushingly sentimental. Joyce Hall thought humor might be popular, but he felt incompetent to write it. His only salesman at the time, a hearty character who fancied himself a poet, turned up one day with this:

I can't send no gorgeous present, I can't send no diamond ring, I can't send no automobile, I can't send a doggone thing—Except—Merry Christmas!

An instant hit, this card paved the way for others in humorous vein. The salesman wrote several, among them a jingle so obviously doggerel that there was only one way to illustrate it—with a funny-looking dog. This happy hound, possibly the first of the now-popular animal caricatures, was so appealing that Walt Disney later gave Hallmark greeting-card rights to Mickey and Minnie Mouse, Donald Duck, and others of his famous film stars.

Hall Brothers were still struggling to make ends meet when World War I created an opportunity for "missing you" cards, thus popularizing what is now called the "everyday" line. It expanded greeting cards almost overnight beyond their traditional holiday market and rocketed the small business to industrial stature. The avalanche of war babies created another demand — for baby announcements and congratulations. Today there are also Hallmark cards for twins and even for adopted children.

The Depression of the '30s ruined a lot of small businesses, but Hall met it head-on. He hopped into his car and visited scores of

stores that sold Hallmark cards. He was dismayed to find most card counters hidden in corners because they were perpetually untidy.

"They were the sloppiest thing

in any store," he remarks.

Hurrying back to his home workshop at Kansas City, he emerged weeks later with the Eye-Vision Display Fixture, a device which glorified his product and boomed sales. By the end of the '30s, greeting cards were Big Business, and Hallmark led the field. It has never lost this leadership, despite stiff competition within the industry.

BECAUSE HALL IS convinced that any product reflects the spirit as well as the talents of the individuals who create it, his relations with his small army of employees are still on an easy, informal basis. All his people call him "Mister J. C.," and office boys line up with printers, shipping clerks, artists and executives to congratulate him on birthdays and Christmases. Hallmark's headquarters, a model "sunlight" building with enormous windows and fluorescent lights, has a few private offices for top executives, but no closed doors.

Despite office camaraderie, however, the evolution of a greeting card is far from informal. Orders for new numbers usually originate with the merchandising and planning departments, and are considered by solemn committees before being passed to the art department, which employs some of the nation's most skilled illustrators, and the sentiment department, which elsewhere might be called the writing staff.

As the artists begin work, the

sentimentalists take their gay quill-topped pens—few use typewriters—and start dreaming up greetings. They may write several hundred on a given theme before one is finally accepted. Important qualifications for a sentimentalist are a sense of rhythm, a yearning to write, and a knowledge of what people want to say to friends.

Long words and involved sentences are taboo. Once the department acquired an unabridged dictionary, but "Mister J. C." ordered it removed and sent the writers a little one from the dime store. "If the word you're using isn't in here," he told them, "it doesn't belong on

a greeting card."

Valentines, once predominantly sentimental, are becoming more whimsical year by year. Birthday cards sell best when they are serious, but cards for the sick must be mostly humorous. Serious and religious subjects outsell humor ten to one at Christmas.

Group prejudices must be watched. Scots are sensitive about knobby knees, so kilts are disappearing from greeting cards. Farmers don't like to be shown with straw hats and pitchforks; cowboys, however, don't mind being depicted as rough and ready. The Irish are sensitive about clay pipes

and sod shanties, and a touch of orange on an Irish card is poison.

Although Joyce Hall does not pretend to be an art critic, he is fostering a wider appreciation of fine art through the reproduction of masterpieces. Believing that many fine paintings by modern artists never receive the praise or recognition they deserve, he is setting a precedent this year by instituting Hallmark Art Awards, totaling \$30,000, for the best paintings on Christmas themes submitted by American and French painters. A collection of the finest will be assembled in a traveling exhibit to visit leading cities in the U.S.

Hall believes that greeting cards in general have not vet reached their peak of popularity. "They are a major means of communication," he says, "a social custom like shaking hands or tipping your hat to a lady. The way I see it, greeting cards make millions of intimate, kindly, cheerful contacts between people, most of which would never be made without them. That's why I think they will continue to be popular as long as people have human emotions. That's why we try to make a card for every occasion, a card that will say just what you want to say in the way you want to say it."

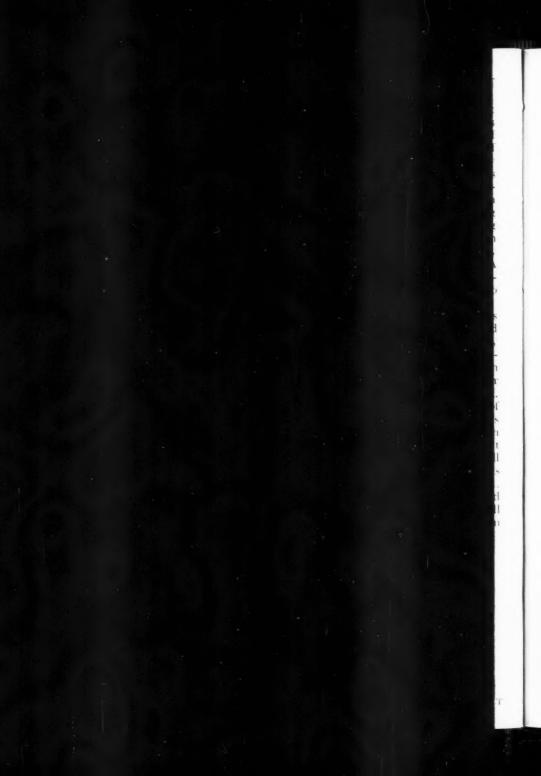


It Takes All Kinds

One reason the big apples are always on top of the basket is the fact that there are always a lot of little ones holding them up there.

-MARION (WIS.) Advertiser







BIGGER THAN COLOSSAL

by HAROLD HELFER

THE MOST GIGANTIC musical production in history took place not in Hollywood but in staid Boston. It was the summer of 1872 and Boston was host to thousands visiting its World Peace Jubilee. To climax the lavish exposition, a concert was scheduled in a huge coliseum erected for the occasion. The program listed one Patrick Gilmore as producer.

When Jubilee guests swarmed into the vast amphitheater, they gaped in surprise, for Gilmore's orchestra numbered some 1,500 pieces, including 330 string instruments, 119 wood winds, 83 tubas, 83 cornets and 75 drums. In addition, a chorus of 10,000 men and women was grouped about the musicians.

Gilmore's repertoire was no less stupendous than his ensemble. The playing of *The Anvil Chorus* was accompanied by clangs from 50 anvils, upon which 100 firemen

pounded with hammers. For a selection requiring low bass notes, Gilmore had rigged a battery of cannon which boomed at his command. And for *The Blue Danube* waltz, Gilmore presented as conductor none other than the composer, Johann Strauss himself.

The astounding performance was received with mixed sentiments. Bostonians in general were delighted with the extravaganza. But certain New Yorkers present took a dim view. One critic declared that "ten voices out of pitch is ludicrous," and that 10,000 was sheer "irregularity."

One observer climaxed the argument for the pros. He recalled that a thunderstorm had interrupted a particularly clamorous musical rendition, but few guests ran for shelter. Most remained, thinking lightning and thunder had somehow been written into the score!





Every alarm is a rendezvous with danger for the world's biggest fire department

A T 10:04 P. M. ONE SATURDAY in early fall, fire swept viciously through a seven-story apartment house on New York's upper East Side. Twenty-six families filed out in safety, and engines clanged quickly to the scene.

It looked like merely routine danger—the unspectacular fire that makes no headlines but leaves firemen with splitting headaches, aching lungs and skin painfully tender from heat and flame.

Then it happened. "Up there!" someone shouted. Through gusts of smoke and fire, the crowd saw a figure clinging to a ledge on the seventh floor.

"That's the Davis girl," a woman sobbed. "She's going to have a baby in a couple of months."

Fireman Anthony Riccardi eased Hook and Ladder 26 alongside. Double-parked cars prevented the truck from getting close to the building line, so Riccardi had to swing his 75-foot aerial ladder over the autos and against the building. He scrambled to the top. Thanks to the parking violators, he teetered eight feet below the woman. In panic, she was ready to jump.

Riccardi backed down to the third rung and braced himself. "Let go, lady!" he yelled. She hesitated. "I'll catch you," he im-

plored. "Drop!"

The woman fell, and as her 150-pound dead weight thudded into his arms, Riccardi staggered backward on the ladder. The sturdy length of seasoned pine whipped like a fishing pole, and for an awful moment it seemed that Riccardi had lost his balance. Then he grabbed the top rung with one hand, and they hung like jerking puppets till the swaying ceased.

Still holding her by one arm, he backed slowly down through heat and smoke that roared from the windows. At the fifth floor, he swung her above him on the ladder and brought her to the street.

"In my entire career as a fireman, I've never seen a rescue which required as much courage and skill," said Lieut. Thomas M. O'Connor, a 20-year fire veteran.

For his heroism, Riccardi received the James Gordon Bennett Medal, 'department-prized honor, and the \$100 Hero Award of the New York *News*. Then he went quietly back to his hook-and-ladder truck, just another of the city's 10,000 bluecoats. In the world's biggest and best-equipped fire department, the red badge of courage is a commonplace.

About 250 times daily, the New York Fire Department rolls swiftly through the heaviest traffic in the

country to rendezvous with danger. It may be a subway where darkness, panic and the live third-rail are extra hazards, or the smoky grind of a warehouse blaze with ever-present perils of explosion, flash fire or building collapse.

At one fire in an electric-appliance shop, the firemen faced four different kinds of poison gas, including phosgene, the horror of World War I. In a chemical blaze, they donned gas masks as protection against smoke tinted red, white and blue. "It was hell in Technicolor," one of them said.

Once they came upon a 285-pound gypsy patriarch burned to death, while the tribe wailed ageold Romany lamentations in the street below. One Christmas Eve, just off Times Square, 17 lonely, defeated men were trapped in tiny cubicles in a cheap lodginghouse and burned to death before the firemen could rescue them.

Heroism alone lightens this picture of death and suffering. New York firemen capture holdup men, rescue children from electrocution and drowning, descend into gaschoked sewers to find unconscious workmen. Daily, as they know, seven of them will be so badly injured that they must lay off duty for an average of a week and a half. And eight to twelve times a year, the memorial 5-5-5-5 will be tapped out in all the firehouses of the big city for those who have perished in line of duty.

The honor roll of NYFD is long and proud. Fireman Charles H. Nagle of Engine 306 slid down a cable into a pit filled with carbon monoxide to save three unconscious men. The men, it turned out, were

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already dead, and Nagle, too, died

in less than a minute.

While 4,000 movie-goers laughed at a comedy, Lieut. Alexander J. Kelly, on routine fire inspection, discovered a lighted bomb near the stage of a Brooklyn theater. Kelly tore off the sputtering fuse and quietly removed the bomb to avert death and panic.

Often, firemen scale burning walls and walk straight into flames to rescue unconscious or hysterical victims. Time and again, their citations carry the phrase: "Rescue accomplished before hose line could be advanced to structure."

During the war, the ammunition ship El Estero caught fire while loading at Jersey City, across the Hudson from New York. The blaze roared out of control and the Coast Guard asked

radio stations to warn the metropolitan area of a possible explosion. Twenty-six New York firemen, who knew they were sitting on a potential catastrophe, stayed with the vessel until she was towed to the Upper Bay and scuttled in shallow water. For their ordeal of heroism, the 26 received the Class 1 medal.

Manhattan's fire department is charged with the awesome responsibility of protecting the lives of more than 8,000,000 residents and daily transients, who occupy 311 square miles of the most congested territory in the world. To accomplish this monster job of prevention and extinguishment, the \$50,000,000-a-year department operates more than 850 pieces of apparatus, from speedy little chiefs' cars to six-wheeled hook and lad-

ders 63 feet long, with drivers stationed fore and aft.

As self-sufficient as possible, the department constructs its own batteries, employs its own full-time upholsterers, pattern-makers, paint-stripers, hose-testers, mechanics and tire specialists. Its representatives scour the country for the best pine and white ash, season the wood for three to five years and then make their own ladders.

Thanks to ingenuity and system, NYFD has an excellent record. Once it is called out, there is only a .2 chance that the fire will spread. The other 99.8 per cent, according

to most recent figures, are confined to the area already ablaze when firemen reach the scene. The department's efficiency, says the National Board of Fire Underwriters, is "splendid," and the per

capita fire loss in Manhattan is only \$2.42.

The heart of the department is located on the 11th floor of the skyscraper Municipal Building, across the street from City Hall. There, with four phones on his desk, Commissioner Frank J. Quayle directs the over-all work and himself rolls on all major fires. When such a fire occurs, the complicated system of divisions, battalions, men and machines strikes with the speed and force of an armored detachment. Here, for example, is how NYFD faced up to one of its cruelest tests:

A warm south wind was blowing pleasantly against the tri-domed old ferry and railroad terminal in Staten Island, one June afternoon three years ago. Just before 2 P. M., 500 Islanders streamed through the

vaulted, 40-year-old building on their way home, and two minutes later the ferry *Miss New York* pulled out for Manhattan with 700 others.

There was a lull in the huge waiting room, and then someone glanced under a railroad car and spotted a fire, apparently caused by a cigarette. Within minutes, the two-story structure exploded into a holocaust which raged for 76 hours, smoldered for days afterward, took three lives, and caused \$5,000,000 damage.

Prophetically, the first alarm was turned in at 2:02 p.m.—from Firebox 13. The second alarm sounded at 2:07, the third a minute later, the fourth at 2:17. Up to the northern Bronx, more than 20 miles away at the other end of the city.

firehouses were alerted.

At 2:28, a borough alarm stripped Staten Island of every piece of apparatus, and reinforcements began arriving from Manhattan and Brooklyn, over water by commandeered ferries and through the Holland Tunnel, which was closed off to civilian traffic.

As dozens of firemen were knocked out by smoke, more and more calls poured into Head-quarters. At 3:45 p. m., the dread 6-6-6-6-alarm sounded, recalling every able-bodied fireman to duty. In all, during the first critical 76 hours, 3,000 firemen were engaged in the gigantic operation, and the three boroughs of Staten Island, Manhattan and Brooklyn echoed to the clang and sirens of 300 pieces of apparatus speeding to the scene or shifting to "cover" vacant firehouses.

Seaward, six fireboats, each with the water-hurling capacity of nine to 20 land companies, darted alongside the smoke-shrouded ferry slips and were lost to sight as they poured thousands of gallons into the inferno. From land, 33 engine companies and two hook and ladders fought the fire. Men coughed and collapsed. One fell through a floor and broke his leg. Of the grimy bluecoats, one in ten was injured, and 38 went to hospitals.

In punts and rowboats, firemen paddled among burning pilings with special seven-nozzle hoses which gave off whirling streams. On the ferry slips above, other bluecoats smashed through concrete with high-pressure drills to

get at the flames.

Its red warning light weaving a lurid figure eight at civilian traffic, a \$26,000 rescue truck, equipped with inhalators, cutting torches and two-way radio, raced to the piers to save trapped firemen. When darkness came, two searchlight companies spotted the fiery battlefield, and fuel-supply units fed gasoline and oil into the apparatus.

Even food wasn't forgotten. At a Manhattan firehouse, where the department chow wagon is stationed, a lieutenant ordered gallons of coffee and hundreds of sandwiches as the alarms came in. The kitchen-on-wheels stayed at the fire for 63½ hours, manned by "Buffs" from the Third Alarm Association, the Fire Bell Club and the 255 Club of Brooklyn.

Almost a third of the department's man power, more than a third of the machines, were involved in that fire, and yet, during the worst 76 hours, the department also responded to 700 other alarms. Actually, says Commissioner

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Quayle, the department is equipped to handle five major fires simultaneously, and at the same time maintain adequate protection for the rest of the city!

When Men trust their lives to each other's hearts and brains, they develop a proud morale. During a hotel fire, Fireman Ambrose W. P. Moran was taken to an ambulance with painful burns. When he heard the hollow roar that means a floor collapse, Moran jumped from the ambulance and worked steadily until the trapped men were brought out alive.

To many young civilians, a Fire Department job is something to dream of. Civil Service examinations are held occasionally for a few hundred openings, and from 20,000 to 25,000 men compete in the rigorous physical and mental tests. Appropriately the first full postwar class of "probies" was made up exclusively of 201 veterans, among them two recipients of Silver and Bronze stars, and numerous Purple Heart holders.

During the war, the older men worked grueling hours, and many lost sons in action. Once, when a dozen of them were to receive Gold Stars from the department, they suddenly remembered the little tailor on Canal Street who had been making their uniforms for years. He had also lost a son in the war. They brought him to their meeting, where he received a Gold Star, too.

But always, when you talk of the department, you come back to the drama of rescue and the sweep of human heroism. At one fire, a priest braves flames to give absolution to a dying fireman. At another, a rabbi rushes into his burning synagogue to save the Torah. Yet again, you see Chief Fire Marshal William P. Murphy work through the crowd outside a burning tenement and spot the pyromaniac who fired it because of some malignancy in his brain.

Throughout the gallant history of the NYFD, the heroism of its members is a blazing thread which has never been extinguished.



Point of View

To Most People, the wide swath being cut diagonally across Los Angeles and Hollywood for a gigantic freeway to expedite motor travel is an eyesore.

Not so to little Bruno, who has come from a part of devastated Germany to visit relatives in Hollywood. The serious-faced child is impressed by his relatives' backyard swing and wading pool, and the beautiful city park near-by. But it is among the rubble and concrete ruins of razed dwellings that he likes best to play.

To his puzzled aunt, he finally explained simply: "It's just like home."

—Marion Simms

Wizards of the Woods

by NORMAN and MADELYN CARLISLE



The Bartlett Research Laboratories apply the miracles of science to saving and protecting America's shade trees

ONE NIGHT DURING a violent storm, the telephone jangled at the home of Dr. Francis Bartlett in Stamford, Connecticut. Above the rumble of thunder, Bartlett heard an excited feminine voice cry: "Doctor, come quickly!"

"What's the trouble?"
"My tree . . . it's falling!"

Dr. Bartlett managed to calm the woman and get the facts. When he

found that the tree was many miles from Stamford, he explained that there was nothing he could do.

The idea of calling a man to hold up a falling tree may sound fantastic, but people have come to expect miracles of Dr. Bartlett. As founder and head of Bartlett Tree Research Laboratories, an amazing organization that applies the findings of science to saving America's shade trees, he probably knows more about trees than any other living person.

Even famous scientists blink at some of the things they see when they visit Bartlett's labs. Here, set in 200 acres of rolling Connecticut countryside, is an arboreal wonderland where Bartlett and his fellow scientists perform miracles. They make sick trees well by giving injections. They heal tree wounds by skillful surgery. They dream up new wonders—like a plastic so similar to wood that it fools even the tree, which grows over it.

Most important of all, they fight a never-ending crusade to save our shade trees from the enemies that constantly menace them. They even fight these enemies before they attack. By scientific crystal gazing, they can predict that, on a morning in June, 1957, a certain kind of insect is going to start eating that maple tree in your front yard.

Dr. Bartlett and his co-workers consider that they have good reason for fighting to protect America's "green gold." Trees, they say, have an actual cash value. All together, our shade trees are worth more than five billion dollars. But values are not based simply on beauty and other intangibles.

The Bartlett wizards will tell you

that a tree is a cunningly contrived air-conditioning unit. A single tree with a trunk diameter of 16 inches can give off 200 to 300 gallons of water on a hot summer day. A good-sized oak tree, for instance, has 20,000 leaves. Together they represent a combined surface of half a square block, through which water is emitted to cool the surrounding air. Quite aside from shade, a large tree in your yard can actually lower its temperature as much as seven degrees.

The idea of a great scientific institution devoted to finding out all there is to know about trees may not seem strange today. But it was different 40 years ago, when the idea was still a dream in the mind of young Francis Bartlett. As a student at Massachusetts Agricultural College, he saw something others had missed: America was doing little in a scientific way to save its fine shade trees from disease, insects and weather.

Soon after college, Bartlett set up the F. A. Bartlett Tree Expert Company, which last year served more than 25,000 owners. From the beginning, the company prospered as Bartlett introduced one innovation after another. He found a way to use powerful steel cables to support weak trees, introduced machinery for fast spraying, developed a new substance for filling tree cavities, and gradually transformed the science of tree surgery.

But Bartlett still was not satisfied. What was needed was a nonprofit laboratory where researchers could advance our knowledge of trees. With his own funds, he set up the laboratories as a nonprofit organi-

zation, separate from the tree company. To head them he brought in a distinguished scientist, Dr. E. P. Felt, chief entomologist of New York State. That was in 1927, and since then the laboratories have succeeded beyond the founder's wildest hopes. When Dr. Felt died, Dr. Rush P. Marshall became director of the organization.

Bartlett scientists say there is nothing miraculous about their ability to forecast what's going to happen to trees. As one example, they cite Dr. Felt's famous balloon experiments. He used to amaze visitors with a map which showed not only where the dreaded Dutch elm disease was making its ravages, but where it would break out months, or even years, later.

He was able to make these predictions because he had figured that the way the prevailing winds blew during the breeding season would determine the next areas to be attacked. Then he bought thousands of toy balloons, filled them with hydrogen, and sent them floating off from infected areas. A tag attached asked people to notify the Bartlett laboratories of the spots where the balloons were picked up.

In 1937, a balloon landed in Chenango County, New York. "No elm disease here," the agricultural authorities reported. Felt consulted his chart, sent them a terse statement: "Look for it in about two years." In 1939, elms began to die in Chenango County.

Early in his career, Bartlett saw that if he wanted to carry out his crusade for saving trees he must have experts to do the actual pruning and surgery. The result was the Bartlett School of Tree Surgery, a remarkable institution which in the past 20 years has turned out thou-

sands of graduates.

Students, all of whom have to be hale and hearty young men between 18 and 30, are put through a strenuous course from which they emerge two years later as full-fledged "dendricians." Dendrician is a word Dr. Bartlett created to describe a tree worker. On the technical side, the student is crammed with information on plant pathology, entomology, tree surgery, feeding and spraying.

Right now, Bartlett scientists are thinking about something that's going to happen to trees in 1957. In that year, there will be an invasion of tent caterpillars. To make the prophecy requires no crystal ball, since these pests are at their worst in 11-year cycles. The 1946 attack was a flop from the caterpillars' standpoint, because the

weather was against it.

Determining the life cycle of a tree pest, in order to find out the best time to attack it, is no job for a man with scant patience. To determine the cycle of one insect, Dr. Stanley Bromley, a Bartlett scientist, conducted an experiment based on his knowledge that when this particular bug reached the adult stage it crawled toward light.

He placed a log infested with grubs inside a stovepipe closed at both ends, except for a tiny hole at one end through which light could shine. Through this hole he thrust a glass tube leading into a glass jar. The only place for the bug to go was into that jar. But when?

Bromley thought the first one might emerge in two years, but at the end of that time no bug had



appeared. Was there something wrong with the experiment? He decided to wait. Three years . . . four . . . five went by. Still no bug. Finally, seven years later, a bug came crawling toward the light and dropped into the jar!

PEOPLE SCOFFED when Bartlett first proposed that something should be done about feeding trees. Nature, said the objectors, had taken care of that. Bartlett pointed out that closely mowed lawns, from which all leaves had been raked, were hardly natural. Men had taken away the normal sources of nourishment; now they should do something to put them back. Under artificial man-made conditions, shade trees are really big potted plants, Bartlett maintains, and should be treated accordingly.

"Most people give better care to a 50-cent geranium than they do to a \$1,000 tree," he says deploringly. "They give it water, pick off dead leaves and see that it has good soil to grow in. But huge trees which need exactly the same kind of care, water, pruning and food, go along for years with no attention at all. And then people wonder why their trees lose their beauty or die!"

The elements are one of the tree scientists' chief enemies. High winds do a lot of damage, but among the worst killers is lightning. However, the Bartlett men know what to do about that. On the laboratory grounds, they can show you trees

that are lightningproof. It is done through expert handling of copper cables and rods which they developed after much experimenting.

In these experiments, which were supported by the findings of other scientists, they made surprising discoveries about which kinds of trees are likely to be struck by lightning. The chances are 60 times greater that a bolt will crash into an oak tree than into a beech, while the ratio is one beech to 37 pines and six spruce. The reason: the sturdy oak happens to be an exceptionally good conductor, while the beech has a peculiar oil that makes it a poor conductor.

If you should see a tree scientist prowling around in the woods on a 20-below-zero night, you can be pretty sure that he is studying one of the strangest things that happen to trees. Perhaps you have heard violent cracking sounds coming from a woods on a very cold night. What happens is that extreme cold breaks cell tissues of the wood and the tree trunks split open.

Look at a tree which has just suffered a frost crack, and you will see a great wound, big enough to thrust your hand into. Look again in a few hours, however, and there will be no sign of the giant tear, for the wound has closed up. The scientists hasten to assure you that this drastic process doesn't necessarily injure the tree.

Unfortunately, however, nature does not heal all tree wounds that way, so surgery becomes necessary. The Bartlett men go at the job like a dentist filling cavities. In the old days, the fillings used were rigid and soon cracked when the tree swaved in the wind.

"What we need," Bartlett told his scientists, "is a flexible substance that will stretch like wood."

It took them years to find it, but eventually they devised an amazing plastic that is just one step short of what nature has done in concocting natural wood. It fools even the tree itself, because the latter will start growing over the plastic patch.

In the Laboratories, researchers will show you trees that provide the surgeon with some of his worst headaches. They have gone crazy, these trees, and are actually committing suicide. A root, instead of growing out and away from the tree as it should, begins to turn, growing in a semicircle around the trunk. As the tree grows, the root tightens like a noose, cutting into the trunk and reducing the flow of sap. Sooner or later the tree dies.

To save a tree from destroying itself, the surgeons have to perform an operation to separate that strangling root from the tree trunk. Painstakingly, chip by chip, they must cut it out, without touching the vital fibers of the trunk.

Human beings also rank high on Bartlett's list of tree enemies. For instance, there was the case of the huge maple that suddenly began to get yellow, wilted leaves. The expert studied the tree carefully. Finally he found a spot at the base where the bark had shrunk.

"Ever spray the tree with anything?" he asked.

No, the owner assured him.

"Did you ever pour anything here?" the tree man persisted.

Then the owner remembered. She had discovered a nest of ants near the tree and had soaked the area with kerosene. Now, a year later, the oil was killing the tree.

Every day, letters and packages pour into the Bartlett laboratories from all over the world, containing requests for diagnosing the ills of trees. Some people send samples of bark, some cut off small limbs, others devise elaborate containers for bugs they want identified. The Bartlett men are seldom stumped, and can usually send back the right answer after putting the samples through various tests.

But trees, like children, will thrive if their guardians exercise good judgment and reasonable care. Conversely, the thoughtless amateur can unwittingly condemn a tree to death through ignorance and abuse. Francis Bartlett's prescription is the application of common sense and attention.

"After all," he says, "a tree may look so big and strong that you would think it could go on forever taking care of itself. However, you've got to look at it this way: a tree is really just a collection of thousands of individual plants, supported by one woody trunk."

If more people understood the anatomy of that sturdy oak in the front yard, Bartlett believes, the nation's mortality rate among trees would decline rapidly.

A Way to Pay for Summer Camp

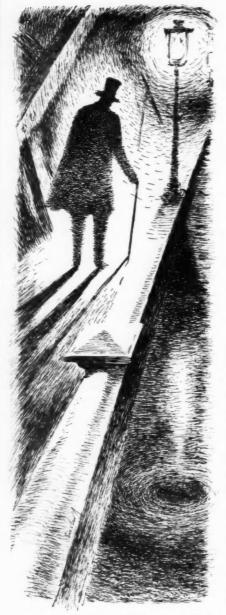
A PENNSYLVANIA HOUSEWIFE, and the mother of two children, had been finding it hard to stretch the family budget. Recently she wrote:

"I was anxious to send my daughter to summer camp, but it was impossible on our income. I decided I must earn the money. Since I am a polio victim, though not a shut-in, I could not take a regular job. Your agency has been a real means of emancipation. The money I earned selling magazine subscriptions made it possible not only to send my daughter to camp, but also to give both my children many of the little things they wanted.

"I have many friends, and

gradually I am letting all of them know of my agency. Their response has been heart-warming. Our church people, too, are discovering what my service means to them. I am also selling cards and stationery, and find that the two businesses work nicely together."

Men and women in all walks of life have discovered that selling subscriptions to CORONET, and to all the other popular magazines, is a stimulating and lucrative occupation. For full details and a big sales kit that will get you started promptly, send 25 cents to Coronet Agency Division, Dept. 229, Coronet Building, Chicago 1, Ill.



When LUCK Lost a Championship

by BILL STERN



On the Night of September 7, 1865, Washington Hall in Rochester, New York, was jammed to the rafters. A chattering, excited crowd anxiously awaited the beginning of the billiard match that was to decide the "world's championship."

Confidence shone in the eyes of Louis Fox and John Deery as they faced each other. This was their first meeting, and both were fresh from victory over Dudley Kavanagh, the world's champion.

The crowd—some of whom had bet as much as \$1,000 on the outcome of the match—watched in strange fascination, suddenly hushed to a frozen silence as the contest started. Fox was at the table. He nursed the balls, maneu-

From My Favorite Sport Stories by Bill Stern. Copyright, 1946, by MacDavis Features.

vered them into position: he passed the 100 mark, then 200, 300. His

touch was sheer magic.

Deery battled grimly, but Fox seemed to have complete mastery of the match. He had taken a commanding lead, and a championship dangled at the tip of his cue.

The match was practically over. It was late at night and the room was filled with smoke, the air heavy with tension. Only one easy shot remained for Fox to win. The crowd leaned forward in bated expectancy. Fox, with a swagger, walked around the table, studying the position of the balls before he made the final play. Idly he twisted his flowing moustache. Deery stood gloomily in the corner, looking like a man about to be executed.

Then, suddenly, out of the haze of tobacco smoke, a fly appeared, buzzed around the table, and landed squarely on top of the cue ball. Fox smiled and shooed the fly away. Again he sighted along his cue and

prepared to shoot.

But again the fly circled the table and landed on the ball. A nervous laugh arose from some of the spectators. But Fox, calm and unruffled, again shooed the fly away. The tittering died down.

Then, for the third time, the fly swooped. This time, a roar of pentup laughter, no longer to be suppressed, swept through the crowd. Soon the walls reverberated to high-

pitched cackles.

For a moment, the calm and confident Fox lost his aplomb. With a muttered curse he stabbed at the fly with his billiard stick. Accidentally he grazed the cue ball. And the fly vanished.

But Fox had lost his chance to

cinch the title, for he had miscued by touching the ball with his stick. And it was Deery's turn to shoot now. Fox staggered back from the table and stood against the wall like a man of stone. His opponent stepped up to the table. He made shot after shot, playing surely and quickly, and, with a final remarkable run, went on to win the coveted championship.

Louis Fox looked blankly at the outstretched hand of the new champion. He could barely hear the latter's words over the din of the fren-

zied crowd.

Deery was saying, "Tough luck,

old man, tough luck!"

Fox nodded absently at his victorious opponent, turned about, and like a man in a dream put on his high silk hat and long cape and walked out into the street. People and carriages swirled around him, but Fox heard only the bubbling laughter of a great crowd.

He walked faster and faster through the dark streets of the city to escape the sound that filled his ears. But the laughter welled up

like a Niagara.

Fox did not stop until he came to a bridge over a river. Below him, the waters were swirling and foaming. Even they were roaring with laughter, louder and louder, nearer and nearer.

A few days later, a police-boat crew found a high silk hat and a long black cloak floating in the river. Not far away, they recovered the body of a man with a flowing black moustache.

A fly had decided the billiard championship of the world. And had also decided the life of the unlucky man who lost it.

The Big Mouse Man of Cancer Research



by ARTHUR BARTLETT

Dr. Clarence Cook Little, educator and scientist, is a mighty worker for mankind

A FTER THE GREAT Maine forest fires of 1947 had virtually destroyed the Roscoe B. Jackson Memorial Laboratory at Bar Harbor, letters of shocked sympathy poured in on Dr. Clarence Cook Little, the director, from all over the globe.

"A serious blow to the science of genetics." . . . "A tremendous setback to science in general and to cancer research in particular." . . . "A major catastrophe for the whole scientific world."

These were typical expressions, for nowhere else was there another laboratory quite like this one. Since its founding in 1929, it had become "one of the absolutely essential institutions contributing to progress in cancer research"—according to a formal resolution of the American Association for Cancer Research.

Though Dr. Little is not a medical doctor, and most of the men working with him are, like himself, Ph.D.'s instead of M.D.'s, the laboratory had, according to one leading authority, given the medical

world more clues to the mysteries of cancer than any other institution anywhere. It was also the source of unique strains of animals used in research in polio, influenza, pneumonia, yellow fever, rabies and tuberculosis, and it had cast much new light on behavior problems.

Moreover, it had the curious distinction of being the world's greatest plant for the mass production of mice. Recognized as a center for the analysis of heredity in experimental animals, the laboratory had dogs and cats and rabbits, but mice were its mainstay. Dr. Little and his associates had been breeding almost 500,000 a year, and making them available to 150 other laboratories all over the country, as well as using them in their own research.

The fire spared some auxiliary buildings, but left the main laboratory a seared shell, with nearly 100,000 dead mice inside. Wiped out with the mice were scientific clues which had been slowly developing as the mice had been patiently bred, generation after gen-

eration-some of them, direct descendants of mice imported from England, for as long as 45 years. The life work of Clarence Cook Little was, for the most part, a charred and tragic shambles.

A Scottish scientist showed the keenest understanding of Little at this time. "I have no words to express my sympathy," he wrote. "But I know that, rather than sympathy, you would prefer to receive encouragement for starting again."

Actually, the letter underestimated the man. Embers were still smoldering when Little began outlining plans for a new and greater laboratory. He didn't know where the money was coming from, but he was never a man to let such obstacles interfere.

"Rebuilding will give us a chance to start anew," he said. "We can profit by our mistakes and do things the way we would like to do them."

Next day, in rubber boots and old clothes, he was at the ruins with a motley crew of Ph. D.'s and laboratory assistants, shoveling out the carcasses of mice. Within 48 hours, they were back at their scientific chores in the temporarily patchedup buildings. Crowded in among packing-case desks were an everincreasing number of boxes with wire tops-mouse pens. Within a year, the mouse population had climbed to 50,000, and the new laboratory was going up fast.

BIG, QUICK-MOVING, strong-A chinned man of 60, Dr. Little has been challenging obstacles to his ideas of progress, in and out of science, all his life. Before the founding of the laboratory in 1929, he had already been president of two universities, and had quit them when established ways of doing things balked many of his far-

reaching plans.

Member of an old Boston family and a great-great-grandson of Paul Revere, Little grew up in Brookline, Massachusetts, in a dignified Brahmin atmosphere. Despite this formidable background, he is a sociable, hearty man who calls all sorts of friends, from laborers to millionaires, by their first names. In return, they call him "Pete."

Ever since his youthful days, he has been taking verbal potshots at people who get in the way of progress, as he sees it. Among the letters received after the fire was one from an antivivisectionist women's club. The only regret expressed in the letter was that Dr. Little and his fellow scientists had not been burned up instead of the mice. It also expressed disapproval of breeding experiments, like the one which had resulted in what newspapers called "the bad-tempered rabbit."

This had been the unplanned result of studies into the effect of heredity on temperament; yet it was a fact that the laboratory had developed a strain of rabbits so instinctively fierce and combative that they acted like lions. Scientists considered this fact highly significant, but Dr. Little's reply to the club president did not argue the point. He wrote simply:

"Dear Madame: The members of your club seem much more bad-

tempered than the rabbit."

Actually, Little's work has always been primarily in the breeding of animals, rather than in the gory practices envisaged by imaginative humanitarians. The dogs at the

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laboratory—about 150 of them live luxuriously and get expert attention: and when Dr. Little walks through the kennels, pausing for a pat here and there, he is obviously a friend among friends.

The dogs are never submitted to surgical experiments—much less vivisection. Mainly they are studied to find out which breeds and crossbreeds are most alert or intelligent,

nervous or sullen.

Little's attitude toward mice, however, is purely scientific and unsentimental. He does not consider it necessary to justify experiments with them, even if the work involves surgery under anesthesia. Mice, like men, are

mammals, but they reach maturity in 40 days, and five generations can be bred in a vear. This makes it possible to learn as much with mice in

a year or two as could be learned with humans in hundreds. And the things that are found out-when fitted together to answer some such question as "What is cancer?" may save countless human lives.

For instance, thousands of women die each year from cancer of the breast. The experiments of Little and his associates have established that cancer of the breast—at least in mice-depends on some agent passed on by the mother in nursing, and not, as had been previously supposed, on some unexplained constitutional change.

They have discovered that adrenal cancer in mice can be controlled by altering the amount of substance secreted in the body by the sex glands. And they have learned in their experiment that cancer can be successfully transplanted in mice only if the two animals concerned are biologically similar.

Just as Little and his associates have bred blind mice, albino mice and mice that run around in circles. so have they bred mice that get cancer with mathematical certainty -cancer of the breast in some strains; of the lungs, ovaries, liver or adrenal glands in others. At the same time, they have bred one strain of mice through more than 30 generations without a single sign of cancer. Why? When they find out, one of the world's greatest scourges may no longer be a mystery.

Dr. Little has been a mouse man ever since he attended Harvard. A zoology professor there had collected mice in an effort to explore the Mendelian law of heredity. Little took charge of the mice and helped the professor prove

that the Mendelian law accounted for many physical characteristics which had previously been explained away by firmly established

though mistaken theories.

But at Harvard, as now, Pete Little's interests ranged far beyond mice, books and laboratories, Standing over six feet, with broad shoulders and powerful limbs, he was a track and field star; and in the vears since, he has never lost a contagious interest in athletics. When he was president of the University of Maine, he called intercollegiate athletics "the American undergraduate's one great contribution to education"; and at Michigan, he challenged a Michigan ex-shotputter of his own vintage to a match at an alumni meeting.

All his adult life, Little has been challenging old-fashioned educational methods and pushing ahead with more progressive ideas. "A university ought to cultivate a student's mind, instead of stuffing it with facts," he announced when he arrived at Maine; both there and at Michigan, he horrified professors by urging them to seek—and take—the advice of students on how courses should be run.

On another occasion, he asserted that a student could learn more science in eight weeks in the woods with a good guide than in a year of theory in the average classroom. And when all his plans for remaking both Maine and Michigan came up against immovable tradition, he incorporated his educational ideas into the laboratory. For years, a few promising college and postgraduate students have been taken into the laboratory every summer without tuition, and given a chance to learn about research science by participating in it.

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Little was just 34 when he became president of the University of Maine. As state universities go, it was small and limited, but he had no intention of letting it stay that way. He was full of plans for making it a great institution, with a medical school, a law school, a school of science, and various other units. But when state officials and the Legislature refused to appropriate sufficient funds, he resigned to accept the presidency of the University of Michigan.

Little kept his verbal six-shooter hot during most of his term at Michigan. But the blowup didn't come until 1929, when a rich donor who had already given the university some \$5,000,000 wanted to give more—with the proviso that

the new buildings be administered according to his ideas. Little was for rejecting the gift. The Board of Regents overrode him. Promptly, Little submitted his resignation, which was accepted unanimously.

"What are you planning to do now?" newspaper reporters asked the ex-president.

"I haven't the remotest idea," Little replied frankly. "It's the first time I've been out of a job since I was graduated from Harvard."

But he still had his mice, and he went back to Bar Harbor, as he had been doing every summer for years, to work with them. And before long Dr. Little did know what he was going to do.

Roscoe B. Jackson, president of the Hudson Motor Company, had died a few months before of cancer. His family and friends wanted to finance, in his memory, an institute for cancer research. They knew Dr. Little, and his retirement from the University of Michigan seemed almost providential. They decided that he was their man.

For Dr. Little it seemed providential, too. Plans for the laboratory began to spark from his mind with characteristic spontaneity. As soon as the institution took shape, he set out to win additional financial support from various sources, ranging from the Rockefeller Foundation to pharmaceutical houses which buy surplus mice from the laboratory to test possible cures for cancer and other diseases.

The laboratory is no one-man show, even though it carries out the idea of its irresistible director. Each of the 16 research scientists on its staff has an equal voice in affairs. Although in the laboratory Dr.

Little is usually called "Prexy" instead=of "Pete," he calls his entire staff of some 90 persons by their first names, goes fishing with them, and considers them all one big family.

"It is the sort of democracy we need in this country," he declares; and as proof that it works, he points not only to the laboratory's accomplishments but to the fact that, within 18 hours after the fire, every associate had reported to help with cleanup work.

When the ground was broken for the post-fire laboratory, the honor of turning the first earth went not to the late Dr. James Rowland Angell, ex-president of Yale and chairman of the laboratory's board of trustees, nor to Dr. Little, nor to anyone with a well-known name, but to a laboratory assistant who had helped build the original institution in 1929 as a day laborer.

For months after the fire, the staff doubled their labor with rehabilitation work. One woman doctor reconstructed the library by sending to institutions throughout America for copies of scientific records and reports which had been burned. Another called on laboratories and hospitals all over the country for mice which had originally been bought from the Jackson Laboratory for research purposes and, with them as a

foundation stock, reconstructed 45 inbred lines of mice.

Even visiting scientists, a number of whom can always be found working at the laboratory in summertime, spent part of their days in helping with reconstruction. One regular summer visitor is a Yale professor who contends that cancer is caused by a definite virus. Few other ranking scientists completely favor this theory, yet Dr. Little welcomes the lone wolf all the more on this account.

"It's bad science to close your mind to the other fellow's point of view," he says.

Dr. Little is an earnest Christian and churchgoer, and does not extend his insistence on scientific proof to the existence of God and immortality. His father and mother died within a day of each other when he was a young man, and he says that their deaths gave him "an indescribable but completely convincing and satisfying realization of immortality." Yet, being the man he is, he has no patience with what he calls "medieval concepts," and once told an audience: "We need a new conception of God-a God not bossed by men."

In the cause of his unbossed God, in the cause of science and in the cause of millions of suffering men and women, Pete Little, the mouse man, is a mighty worker.

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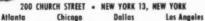
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on Park Avenue, and how to write advertisements.

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